No. 874
Friday
16 June '95

PRIVATE EYE

£1

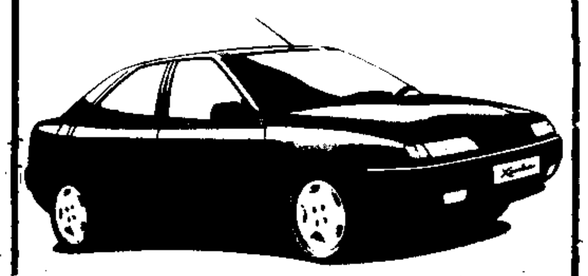
SHE'S BACK!

IT'S ANOTHER MAD MAG!

CARLINGZ 57 OLD FARTZ

T- Shirts -100% cotton S, M, L, XL, XXL.
£9.00 inc. p&p. Cheque/PO to:
ELEPHANT HOUSE, Box 8, Elephant & Castle,
White Hill, Lewes, E. Sussex BN7 2DJ
ALSO OTHER DESIGNS: 0273 478801

FOR THE KEENEST QUOTES ON CITROËN CONTRACT HIRE, CALL...



- Contract Hire for Business Users -
Choose the vehicle, select the best parameters for your needs and leave the rest to us.

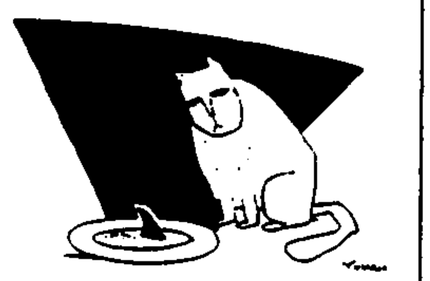
All Contract Hire quotes include Citroen Assist membership and road tax for the full term.

ROY CHAPMAN LTD
01442 871234

WE BUY ROLEX
THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED
£850 MIN. FOR CURRENT MODELS
CASH PAID INSTANTLY
JEWELLERY
ANTIQUE / MODERN
SILVER ITEMS
PREMIUM FOR SETS & SIGNED PIECES
DIAMONDS
& All FINE WATCHES
Bassange
Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 0171 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

THE BESTSELLING INTERNATIONAL CARTOON QUARTERLY

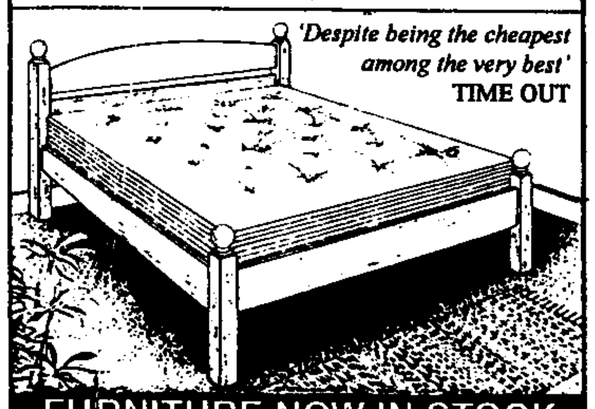
The JOURNAL SILLY



No2

IN NEWSAGENTS
OR PHONE 0181 341 9874

TAURUS PINE BEDS
HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT

FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK
242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6.
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 0171 624 3024

FUTON EXPRESS FROM £89
FUTON makers for OVER A DECADE!
LARGE S.A.E. for COLOUR Brochure
48Hour Despatch NATIONWIDE.
MAIN SHOWROOM: 23-27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 0171-833 3945 Fax: 0171-833 8199
Also Showrooms at: CLAPHAM, CHALK FARM & WALSALL

CUBES
SHELVING
TRESTLES
DESKS ETC
Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-9946016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

SWIFTCALL
International Communications

USA/CANADA	20p
HONG KONG/JAPAN	40p
AUSTRALIA	20/28p
GERMANY/FRANCE	20p

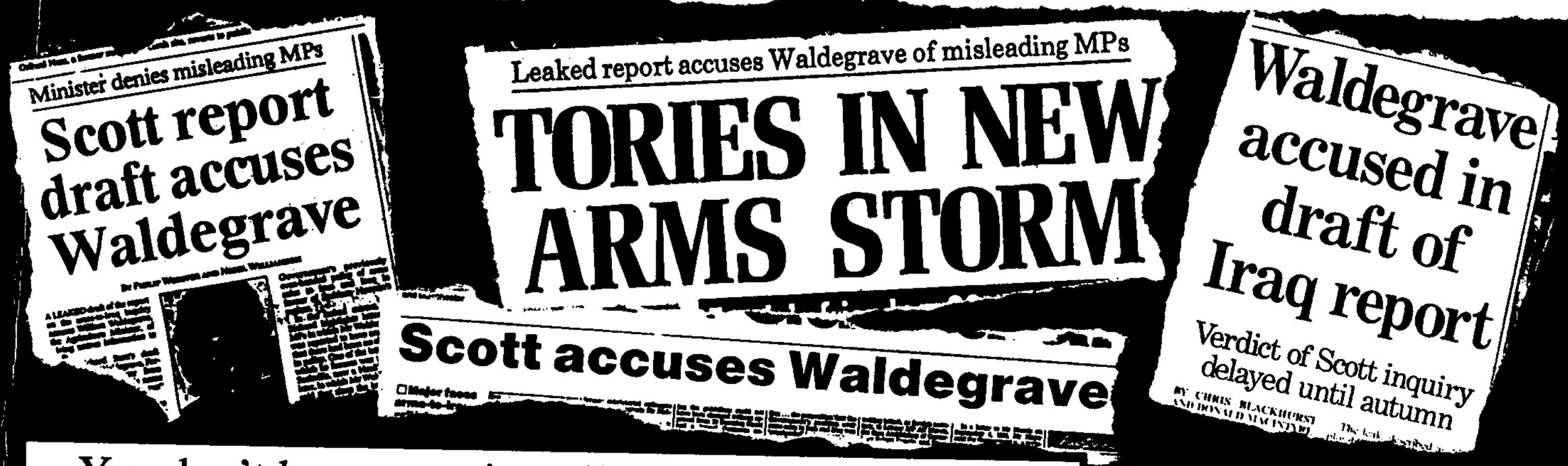
CALLS CHARGED IN PENCE PER MIN

0171 488 2001
Leased lines available from £10k

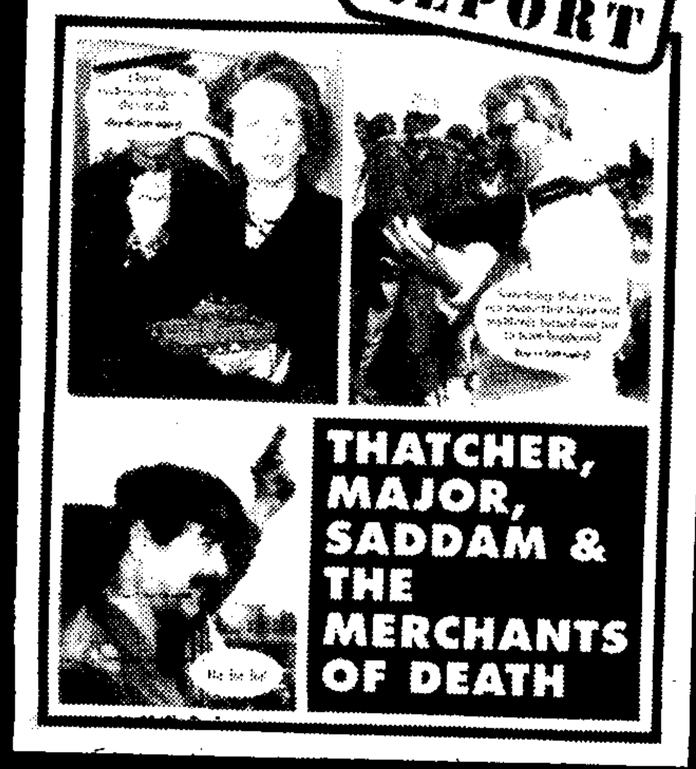
HELP DESK OPEN
8 AM-12 MIDNIGHT 7 DAYS A WEEK.
PLEASE HAVE YOUR CREDIT CARD READY

All prices ex VAT.
All calls to the Swiftcall exchange are charged at your normal carrier's rates.

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND
HALKI KALYMNOS LEROS
SKIATHOS SKYROS SPETSES
ALONISSOS SYMI NISYROS
LIPSI SKOPELOS TILOS
Self Catering Holidays for the discriminating in our Apartments Villas and Traditional Houses.
IT'S ALL IN OUR AMAZINGLY HONEST BROCHURE ☎ 01629 824 881 24hrs
LASKARINA Ltd.
ATTO ATOL 1424 Holidays
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece.


Minister denies misleading MPs
Scott report draft accuses Waldegrave
Leaked report accuses Waldegrave of misleading MPs
TORIES IN NEW ARMS STORM
Scott accuses Waldegrave
Waldegrave accused in draft of Iraq report
Verdict of Scott inquiry delayed until autumn

You don't have to wait until the end of the year or rely on leaks — read the whole story in
'NOT THE SCOTT REPORT'
a Private Eye Special.
Now only available by mail order for £2.00 (inc p&p) from:
PRIVATE EYE/SCOTT SPECIAL
Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Please send me a copy of your NOT THE SCOTT REPORT
❑ I enclose £2.00 (cheques payable to Private Eye) or
❑ Access/Visa No ..... Exp .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
or phone 0171 223 8193 with your credit card details

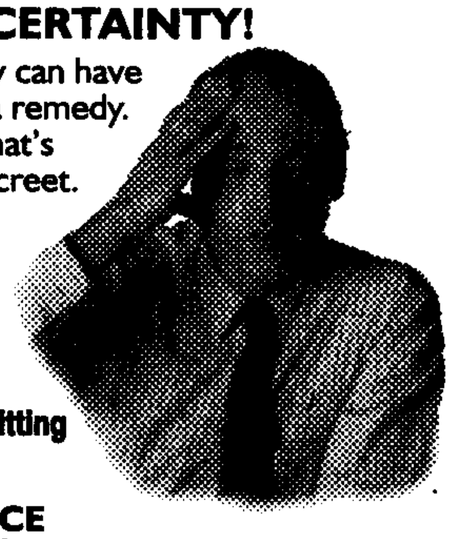


DISCREET

SURVEILLANCE

EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers and Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW

0181-558 4226

PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS

UP TO 35% OFF

RAY-BAN

World's finest sunglasses

C&T OPTICS

CHEAPER THAN AIRPORT DUTY FREE!

Full Bausch and Lomb guarantee · Soft or hard case (depending on model) included · Money back guarantee if you are not totally satisfied and return product within 10 days · Access/Visa/Amex/Switch Welcome.

ORDER LINE
0181 943 4815
(24 hour service)

C&T OPTICS,
PO BOX 41,
TEDDINGTON,
MIDDLESEX,
TW11 0SZ

Delivery: Credit Card **72 hours** Cheque orders 10 days

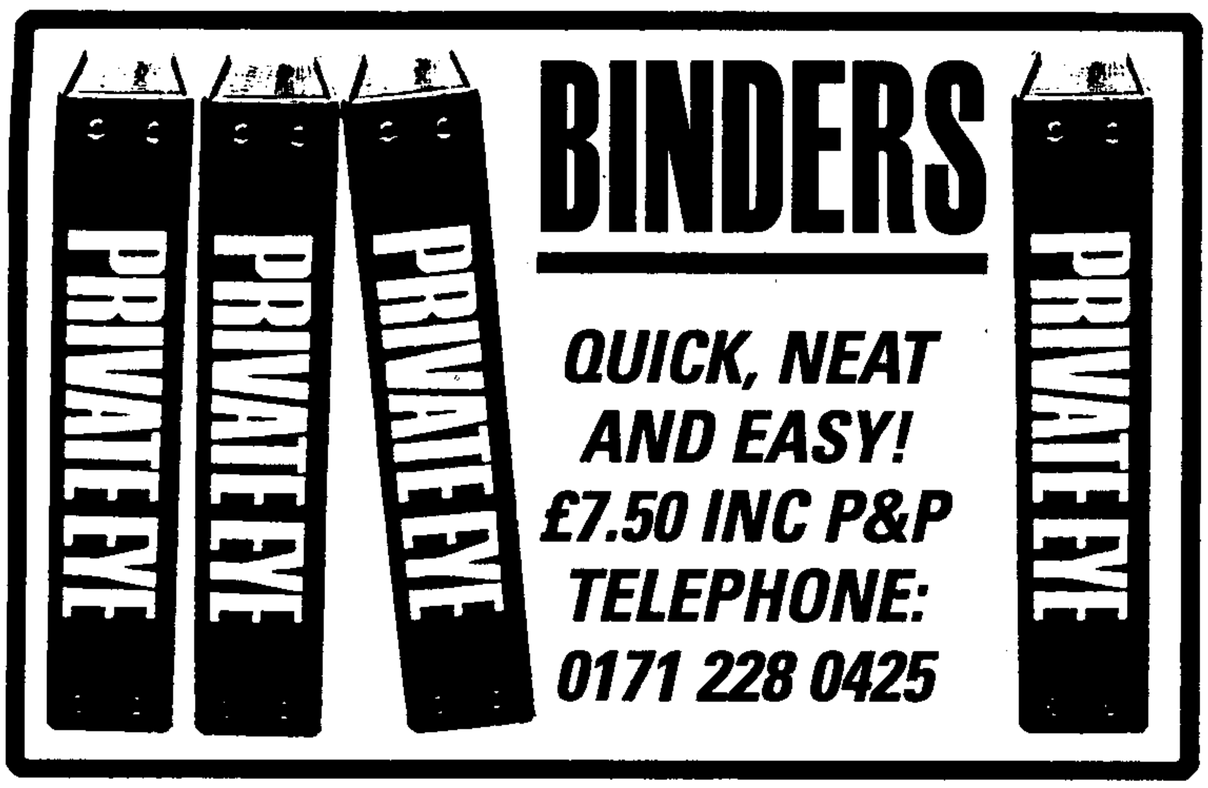
* **NEW** RAY-BAN CHROMAX DRIVERS - AVIATORS £69 *
* OUTDOORSMAN £75 * NEW LENS REPAIR SERVICE *
* PESCRIPTION SWIMMING GOGGLES £45 DIVING MASK £80 *
* **NEW** RAY-BAN BASEBALL CAPS - £10.99 (inc P&P) *

OTHER MODELS AVAILABLE: SEND SAE FOR BROCHURE

	MODEL	FRAME COLOUR	LENS COLOUR	RETAIL PRICE	OUR PRICE
1	WAYFARER	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£69	£44
2	WAYFARER II	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£75	£48
3	CATS 5000	BLACK	GREY	£79	£48
4	AVIATOR II	GOLD OR BLACK	GREY OR GREEN	£75	£50
5	BALORAMA	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£89	£61
6	OUTDOORSMAN II	GOLD OR BLACK	GREY OR GREEN	£89	£61
7	TRADITIONAL STYLE 'C'	TORTOISE	GREY	£89	£61
8	AVIATOR II DRIVER	GOLD OR BLACK	B-15 TGM	£95	£68
9	OUTDOORSMAN II DRIVER	GOLD OR BLACK	B-15 TGM	£105	£75
10	PREMIER TRAD B+D	TORT-SHELL	GREY	£99	£73
11	CLASSIC ROUND	GOLD OR BLACK	GREY	£109	£79
12	WAYFARER MAX II	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£109	£79
13	CLUBMASTER	BLACK OR TORT	GREY	£109	£80

VAT INCLUDED - POSTAGE & PACKING £1.50

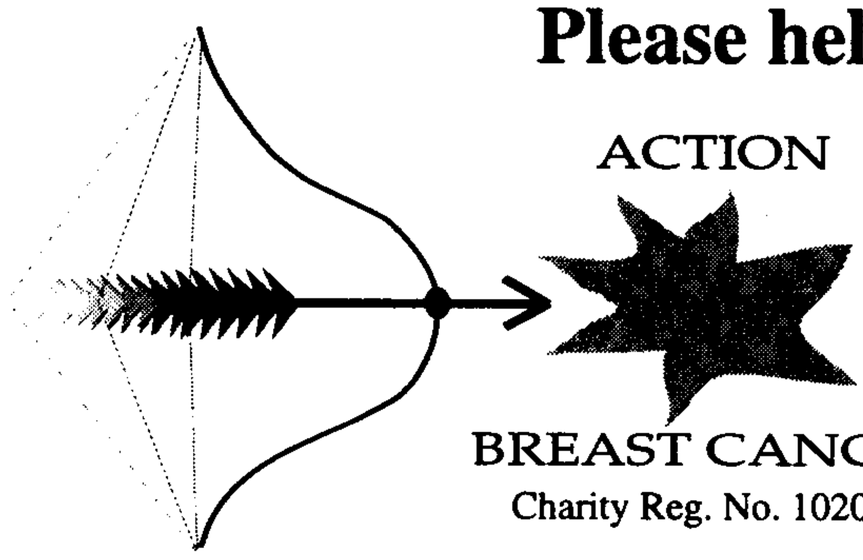
NEW! PRESCRIPTION LENS -
Single vision, available for all Ray-Bans to the power + or - 3SPH, up to + 2CYLS - ask for a prescription order form.



BINDERS

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!
£7.50 INC P&P
TELEPHONE:
0171 228 0425

Please help



Charity Reg. No. 1020967

defeat the secondary spread which
kills 16,000 women in Great Britain each year.

We research the biology, biochemistry, immunology, dietary and environmental factors that determine why cancer cells spread in some patients and not in others. We have superb laboratories and scientists but need £200,000 a year to continue this research.

Please help us.

To send a donation or receive information please write to:-
BREAST CANCER APPEAL
Middlesex HospitaL
Dept of Surgery, 67 Riding House Street, London W1P 7LD
Name _____
Address _____
_____
_____ Post Code _____

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £16 Europe & Eire: £23 Airmail – rest of world: £29

Magazines to:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque for £ . . . . . for a year's subscription (26 issues)
OR
Please charge ACCESS VISA Card expires: ___ / ___
Card number:

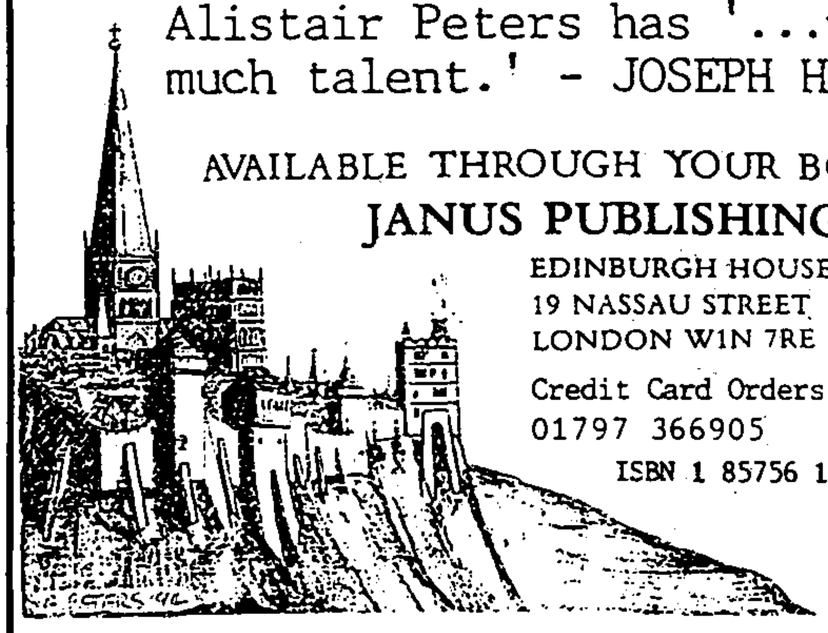
Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071-228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071-924 3719
Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA

GERONIMUS REX

Beautifully written, 'Geronimus Rex' upholds the finest traditions of Great British humour; and packages them nicely for worldwide enjoyment.

Alistair Peters has '...wit and very much talent.' - JOSEPH HELLER.

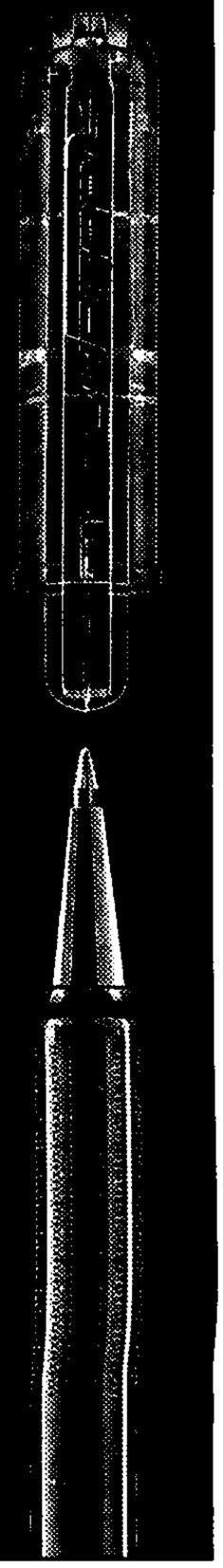


AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR BOOKSHOP, OR
JANUS PUBLISHING COMPANY
EDINBURGH HOUSE
19 NASSAU STREET
LONDON W1N 7RE
Credit Card Orders:
01797 366905
ISBN 1 85756 152 X

£6·99

ALISTAIR PETERS

Stop characters being besmirched.



It seems people are all too ready
these days to dredge up a bit of filth.
Your pen nib collects a piece of fluff,
some dirt or a hair and before you
know it your characters are being
sullied by skipping or blobs of ink.
So we've decided to come clean
about our Superb ballpoint.
A rubber ball in the cap cleans the tip
each time the top is replaced, enabling
you to ditch the dirt rather than dish it.
Even if you're washing dirty linen your
characters will be whiter than write.

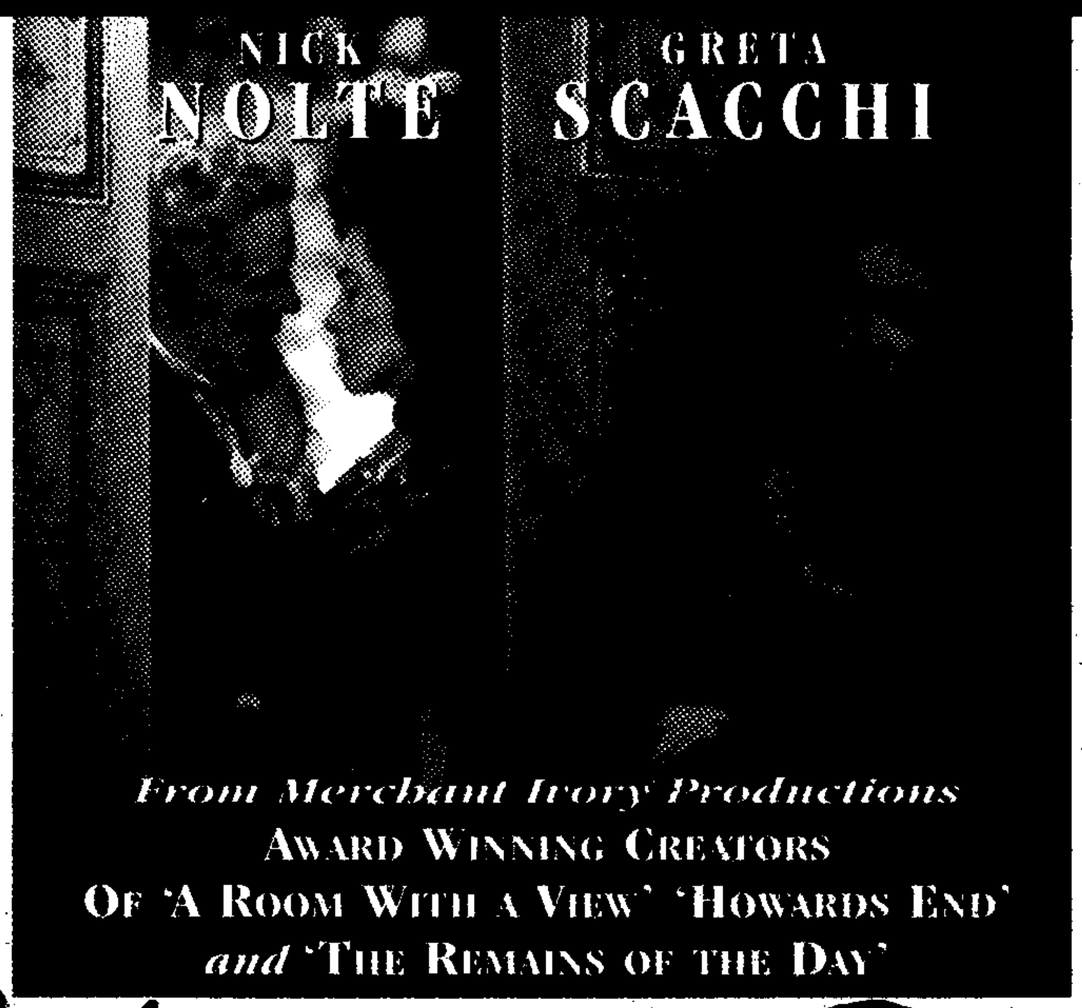
Pentel

"AMERICAN'S IN RUMPUS OVER NEW FILM?"
THE GUARDIAN

"INTELLECTUALLY INFURIATING"
WASHINGTON POST 7/4/95

"THOUGHTLESSLY RACIST"
WASHINGTON POST 7/4/95

"HISTORICAL TRAVESTY"
WASHINGTON POST 9/4/95



From Merchant Ivory Productions
AWARD WINNING CREATORS
OF 'A ROOM WITH A VIEW' 'HOWARDS END'
and 'THE REMAINS OF THE DAY'

"EXTRAORDINARY
A SPECTACULAR AND RARE FILM"
JANET MASLIN - THE NEW YORK TIMES

"TERRIFIC!
A SERIOUS AND SUMPTUOUS FILM."
SISKEL AND EBERT

"LAVISH
A HANDSOME SPECTACLE"
DAVID ANSEN - NEWSWEEK

Jefferson in Paris 12

TOUCHSTONE PICTURES and MERCHANT IVORY PRODUCTIONS Present A JAMES IVORY Film NICK NOLTE GRETA SCACCHI "JEFFERSON IN PARIS" JEAN-PIERRE AUMONT SIMON CALLOW SETH GILLIAM JAMES EARL JONES MICHAEL LONSDALE
NANCY MERCHAND THANDIE NEWTON GWYNETH PALTROW CHARLOTTE DE TURCKHEIM LAMBERT WILSON Original Score Composed by RICHARD ROBBINS Costume Design JENNY BEAVAN JOHN BRIGHT Production Design GUY-CLAUDE FRANÇOIS
Editing ANDREW MARCUS ISABEL LORENTE Photography PIERRE LHOMME Co-Producer HUMBERT BALSAN Executive Producers DONALD ROSENFELD PAUL BRADLEY Written by RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA Produced by ISMAIL MERCHANT Directed by JAMES IVORY
Distributed By BUENA VISTA INTERNATIONAL (UK) Ltd. & MAYFAIR ENTERTAINMENT UK LTD ©BUENA VISTA PICTURES DISTRIBUTION, INC. Visit Buena Vista International's MOVIE PLEX on the INTERNET: http://bvp.wdp.com/BVI/

EXCLUSIVE WEST END SEASON - ADVANCE BOX OFFICES NOW OPEN
JUNE 16 ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE BOOKINGS (0171) 930 3232 JULY 7 CURZON MAYFAIR 0171 369 1720
AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY JUNE 23

Gnome

A NUMBER of newspapers are trying to claim that there is something "mysterious" or "unusual" about the fact that I cashed in all my shares in PowerGnome, the electricity company, whilst failing to mention that I was in possession of a five-year plan forecasting a very dubious time for the company in the immediate future.

There is nothing in the slightest "mysterious" about this. If I had told everyone about these depressing figures then I could not have gained such a ridiculously high price for the shares. And then I would have been less rich. What could be simpler than that?

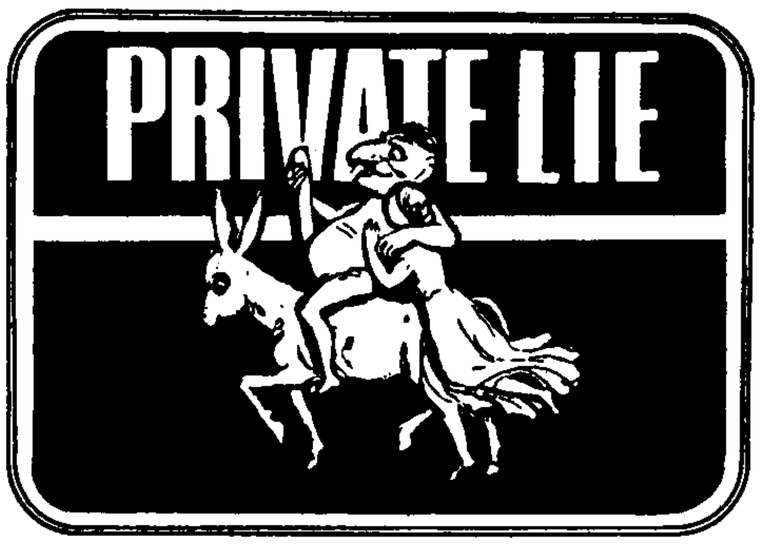
And this procedure is certainly not "unusual". In fact, I have done it in a lot of other companies as well, and so have all my colleagues. I hope that is finally clear.

When are journalists going to learn something about business and stop going on about sleaze?

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
St Cedric's
Bucks.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£16 per annum. Europe and Eire £23.
Airmail – rest of world £29.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 0171-228 0888.
Fax: 0171-924 3719
Editorial
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.



"AN INTOLERABLE LEAK" was the way agriculture secretary William Waldegrave described the BBC's broadcasting of a perfectly accurate account of Lord Justice Scott's views on Waldegrave's "sophistry" at his inquiry.

"An intolerable leak" were also the words used six years ago by the Opposition to describe the planting of a completely inaccurate story on the BBC — by William Waldegrave.

In May 1989, the Foreign Office announced that they were expelling 11 Russians from Britain. On the 25th the BBC *Nine O'Clock News* led its bulletin with the amazing news that some of the expelled Russians were suspected of plots to blackmail left-wing Labour MPs who had alleged communist connections. The effect of this story was to smear MPs with old scare stories about reds under the bed.

The broadcast was greeted with fury by the Labour Party — and acute embarrassment by Sir Geoffrey Howe, then foreign secretary, who immediately grovelled to the House of Commons. Twice he admitted that there was no truth at all in the story. "Labour MPs" he said "were not associated in any way with the activities of the Soviet diplomats".

The BBC stood by its story, which they said had come from an "impeccable source". Before long the impeccable source came forward. He was William Waldegrave, minister of state at the Foreign Office. On the morning of 25 May, 1989, Waldegrave, the FO minister with special responsibility for security and intelligence matters, had been "tipped off" about the red scare story by an MI6 nutter in his office. Waldegrave was frightfully excited by the smear, and could not wait to put it out to the BBC, where his close relative, Marmaduke Hussey, was (and is) chairman of the governors. Glancing at his diary he noticed he was due to have lunch the following day with John Sergeant, political correspondent of the BBC. His office duly asked Sergeant if he could bring forward the lunch since the minister had something "rather special" to impart. Sergeant agreed at once, and the two men met in the expensive and highly confidential Mijanou restaurant near Victoria. Waldegrave told Sergeant the news about the MPs being blackmailed, and Sergeant rushed it back to base, where it was quickly converted into the lead story.

When the shit hit the fan, Honest Will ducked for cover. He pretended he'd only been talking to Sergeant about what happened in the past. For a few days until the row died down, Waldegrave was in deep trouble. He even got a bollocking from Margaret Thatcher.

THE last man who dared to use in public the arguments now being put by Lord Howe against the Scott inquiry was, er, Robert Maxwell.

Stung by some awkward questions by department of trade inspectors about his stewardship of Pergamon Press in its relations with the Leasco Corporation, Maxwell refused to answer them — unless he was shown transcripts of the evidence of adverse witnesses and could cross-examine such witnesses during the inquiry: exactly the demands made by Lord Howe of the Scott Inquiry.

In July 1970, the case came eventually to a five-day hearing at the Court of the Appeal. The Master of the Rolls, Lord Denning, rejected both arguments. "In all this the Pergamon directors go too far. This investigation is ordered in the public interest. It should not be impeded by measures of this kind".

Lord Justices Sachs and Buckley agreed (and so, 25 years on, does Lord Justice Scott).

WHY is John Major so nervous about the allegation that his agriculture secretary, William Waldegrave, lied to Parliament?

Could it be that he remembers his own assurance to John Smith, then leader of the Labour party, in the Commons on 17 November 1992, soon after the collapse of the Matrix Churchill trial and the setting up of the Scott inquiry? "The suggestion," drooled the prime minister, "that ministers misled the House is a serious and scurrilous charge and has no basis whatsoever in fact."

If ministers did mislead the House, in other words, so did John Major...

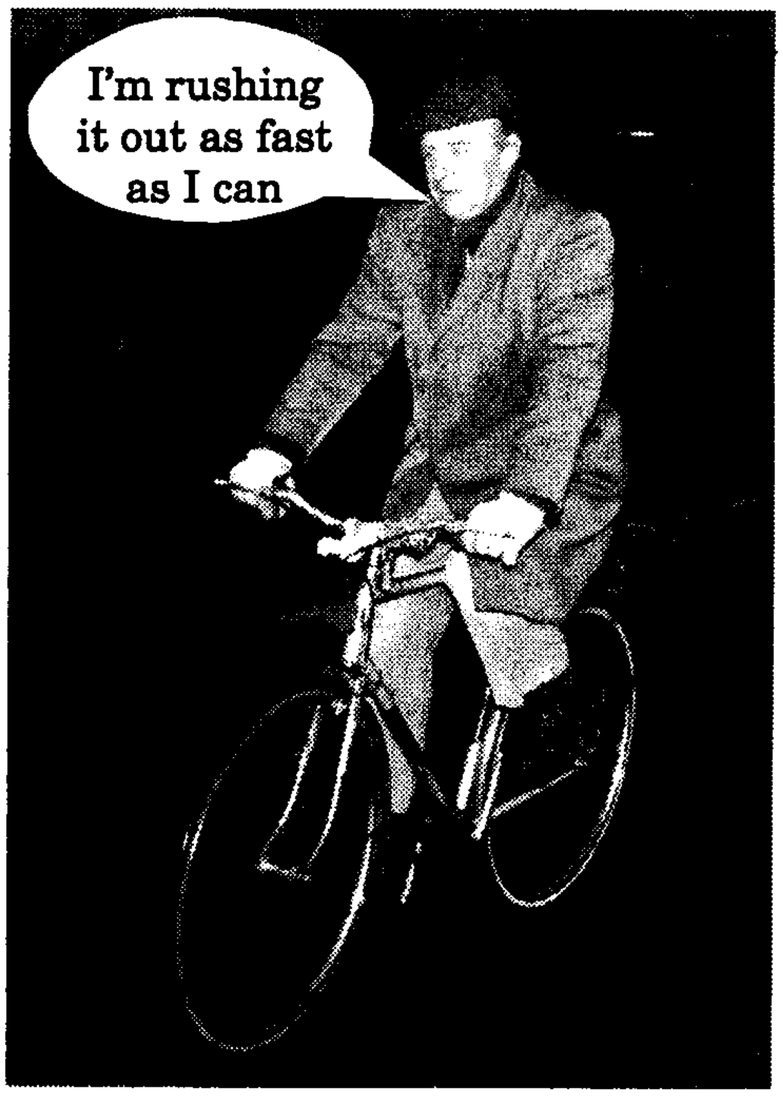
THE anti-Scott forces in press and television came charging to the defence of the government as soon as the BBC leak of Sir Richard's criticism of William Waldegrave was broadcast.

True as ever in their devotion to a press free from legal restraints, they savaged the judge for not seeking an injunction banning the BBC from using the leak. As ever they were led by Paul Johnson of the *Daily Mail*, who managed to call Waldegrave the minister for open government, a post he left nearly a year ago, and to praise fellow *Mail* columnist Alan Clark for "gallantly coming to the rescue" in the Matrix Churchill trial (in which, as Johnson obviously forgot, Clark was the main prosecution witness).

Others who flocked to rubbish Scott were Simon Jenkins of the *Times*, (a good friend, as it happens, of Waldegrave's missus, Caroline), who wrote that "the misleading is of the sort which occurs a dozen times a day at parliamentary questions"); and even Tristan Garel-Jones, former foreign office minister, who got space in the *Independent* to praise his dear chum Willie without bothering to mention that he himself was one of the ministers hauled before Scott to explain why, without a second's hesitation, he signed a gagging order before the Matrix Churchill trial.

Garel-Jones was outdone in forgetfulness by Lord Howe, who appeared endlessly on radio and television as an objective observer, "deeply concerned" by the lack of legal representation for those appearing at the inquiry. Somehow he forgot to remind his audience that when the arms-to-Iraq guidelines were devised (1984), announced (1985) and changed (1988) he was foreign secretary — ie the man in charge.

SCOTT REPORT LATEST



- *Hallo to Jamie Blandford!* 7
- *Better than O.J.* 8
- *John Major's Diary* 18
- *Eve Pollard reveals all* 24
- *Footnotes on Gas* 27
- *Privatisation Round-Up* 28

Street of Shame

LAST WEEK the *Evening Standard* diary, reporting how *News of the World* editor Piers Morgan had been spotted with a buxom young woman who was not his wife, approached Morgan's mother for comment.

Shortly after lunch on the same day the phone lines were set alight as Morgan subjected the *Standard*'s fragrant associate editor Sarah Sands to an ear-blasting. While most of the published story was true, it was "fucking wrong", Morgan whinged, that he had ever "played the harmonica" with the lissome blonde, as reported.

"You lot are a load of shit," Morgan blustered. "How do you think my fucking family feel about this intrusion upon their privacy. You don't know the fucking distress you can cause calling people up like that. You're all a bunch of dickheads."

This highminded St Piers Morgan is completely unrelated to the *other* Piers Morgan, who is better known for spying on the Countess Spencer with a telescopic lens while she recovers from an eating disorder. Unless Morgan, recently scourged by his born-again proprietor, has undergone a dramatic religious conversion!

JUST when it seemed that the spat between Germaine Greer and Suzanne "Fuck Me" Moore had died down, m'learned friends are doing their best to prolong the fun.

Greer's solicitors, Harbottle and Lewis, are now threatening to issue a libel writ against Bloomsbury, the publishers of Richard Neville's recent autobiography, for not correcting Neville's outrageous allegation that Germaine had a hysterectomy.

Meanwhile, Greer's lawyers are limbering up to sue the *Grauniad*, which they blame for leaking her suppressed column to the London *Evening Standard*. They claim that the publication of extracts in the *Standard* was a breach of her copyright and an infringement of her contract with the *Grauniad*. They are also demanding a large "compensation" payment for the distress their client endured when she appeared on *Have I Got News For You* and "was obliged to respond to the remarks of others" about her tirade against Suzanne Moore.

IS THERE there no limit to Duncan "Dunky" Campbell's appetite for litigation? After Christopher "Marathon Man" Brasher won £380,000 in damages for allegations made against him by Dunky in a Channel 4 programme (see *Eye* 873), the great investigative journalist told the *Times* that it was all the fault of Channel 4's libel insurers, who "did not appear interested in the issues of the case". "I am happy to hear Chris Brasher was drinking champagne," he added. "The libel insurers should be drinking vinegar."

Whoops! Quick as a starter's pistol, Brasher's lawyers at Goodman Derrick fired off a letter to Campbell's solicitors, revealing that they were "extremely concerned at the quoted remarks by Duncan Campbell which appeared in this morning's issue of the *Times*". The meaning of his comments, they suggested, was that the outcome of the case bore no relation to the merits or the issues — "i.e. that Mr Campbell stands by everything he broadcast".

Pointing out that Dunky had given undertakings to the High Court not to repeat the libel, Goodman Derrick warned that "he must not, either implicitly or explicitly, depart from the letter or the spirit of those undertakings, on pain of being in contempt of court". Dunky may have thought that he'd reached the finishing line in his marathon litigation, but it now seems he may have another lap to run — which could end in the slammer.

THE over-blown coverage of the closure of the unread *Modern Review* gave the mag's erstwhile editor Toby Young the opportunity to raise his profile and his bank balance at the same time.

Yet Toyboy turned down an offer of £2,000 to write his version of the dispute for the *Mail on Sunday* in favour of a £500 commission from the *Sunday Torygraph*. Pourquoi? Toyboy — the son of Labour peer Lord Young of Dartington — said he would write the piece for the *Torygraph* on the condition that the paper's associate editor Frank Johnson, who had approached him, would put him up for the Garrick Club. Johnson happily agreed to this outrageous request.

As a teenager, Young wrote a letter to the notorious Tory schoolboy Harry Phibbs (then presiding over an organisation called "Pupils Against Feminism"), in which he expressed contempt for "saggy-titted feminists" and opined that women had inferior minds. No doubt he will feel at home in the Garrick — assuming his ambition to become a member is not thwarted.

LORD Rothermere's *Evening Standard* devoted a full page to reporting a rousing speech in defence of the freedom of the press. The 6 June address to the Media Society at the Dorchester Hotel was by... Lord Rothermere.

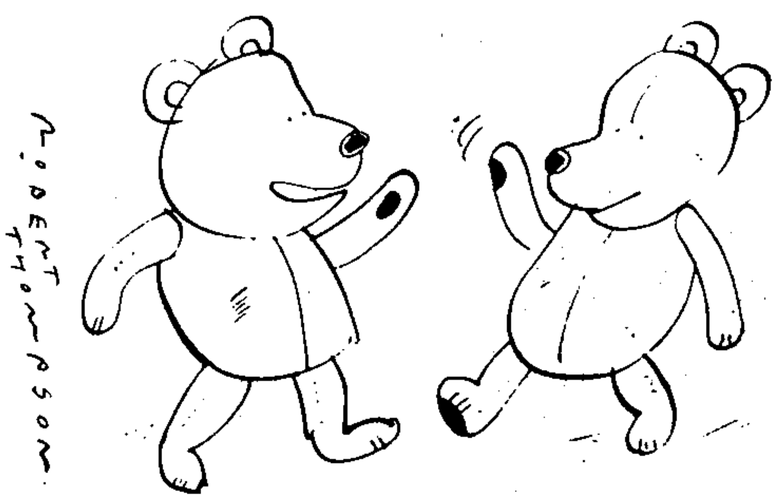
"It is the noblest achievement of western civilization," he thundered. "Without free speech — which means free criticism as well as free thought — our institutions would stagnate."

This is not thought to be a reference to the fact that the previous day Lord Rothermere's stagnating *Daily Mail* sacked its NUJ Father of the Chapel Dave Wilson, who had led the fight again personal contracts, after 18 years of unblemished service.

His crime? Wilson was, the Mail's letter of dismissal stated, "openly critical of the Company, its profits, its dividend policies and the remuneration of various individuals".

DURING the last month there has been a sudden exodus of hacks from the *Sunset Times*, many of them disenchanted with the inept and dreary editorship of John Witherow.

Jeff Randall has said goodbye to the Business section; Alison McDonald has resigned as editor of the Style section for a job on the *Daily Mirror* (she *must* have been desperate); Nick Pitt is leaving Sport; South African correspondent Christine Lamb is leaving; columnist Kate Saunders (who has been upstaged by the philosophical insights of Julie Burchill — "men stink" was this week's aperçu) is looking for a berth elsewhere; home news editor Graham Gourlay has given notice; disconsolate Magazine editor Kate Carr has been moved back to the paper (during the last six months her job has been offered behind her back to both Adam Edwards, editor of *ES*, and Michael VerMeulen, editor of *GQ*); and contract feature writer Janine di Giovanni has been lured to the *Mail on Sunday* for a salary package worth £80,000. One senior executive has remarked: "Nobody will feel safe round here until Witherow has a lobotomy."



"Yo! Gimme one!"

Private I-I-I!

THIS ISSUE'S rundown of the nation's most self-obsessed columnists, based on the number of incidences of the word "I" per column-inch.

		Ego Rating
1	Toby Young (Independent 10/6)	2.71
2	Ruth Picardie (Independent 10/6)	2.56
3	Zoë Heller (Sunday Times 11/6)	1.94
4	Germaine Greer (Times 3/6)	1.82
5	Carol Vorderman (Sun 9/6)	1.53
6	Julian Clary (Independent 10/6)	1.50
7	Michael Winner (Sunday Times 4/6)	1.47
8	Justine Picardie (IoS 11/6)	1.44
9	Margaret Thatcher (Sunday Times 11/6)	1.38
10	"Dr" John Diamond (Times 10/6)	1.25

Bubblin' under: Alistair McAlpine, Niall Ferguson, Boris Johnson, Paul Callan.

ON THE Sunday that Downing Street announced British troop reinforcements for Bosnia, *Daily Mirror* deputy editor Brendon "Chucky" Parsons finally revealed he had a subtle grasp of world events.

"I'm not a fucking idiot, you know," he screamed at his stunned news desk. "All I want — and it's quite simple — is the battle plan that has been prepared by John Major."

Chucky also demanded that a team of hacks be sent to Hereford to de-brief — on the record, of course — SAS officers on their plans to spring the British hostages.

Alas, the wretched troops at the great people's organ were unable to fulfil the orders of their brilliant Kommandant and Chucky had to ditch his lovingly prepared headline: "ATTACK! ATTACK! ATTACK!"

A couple of days later, after an operation on striken actor Christopher Reeve had been relatively successful (he will remain paralaysed from the neck down and will probably never again breathe unaided), Chucky addressed his picture desk thus: "Let's get the first pic of Superman sitting up in bed, thumbs up for his fans!"

DILYS POWELL, the veteran *Sunday Times* film critic who has died aged 93, was accorded a suitably long and respectful obituary in her own newspaper. But it came over all coy when describing the end of her *ST* career. "In 1976, during the editorship of Harold Evans, she stopped reviewing the new films. She was 75."

This implies that the doyenne retired of her own free will. In fact, however, she was taken out to lunch by Evans, who hoped to persuade her to resign on account of her age. When she declined Evans fired her — adding insult to injury by offering her the job of writing capsule summaries of movies for the television listings instead.

NIGEL Pratt-Dumpster was in fine form on Radio 4's *Medium Wave* last Sunday. He said *Private Eye* had not had a decent story "since Poulson": an odd claim, since it implies that all the stories produced for the *Eye* by Dempster himself in the decade after the Poulson affair were worthless.

Dumpster also boasted that he had never needed to buy anyone a drink or a lunch in the course of his duties — a fact which the *Daily Mail*'s accounts department will no doubt bear in mind when scrutinising the great man's next expenses return.

So how does Dumpster get his stories? He explained that they all come from "personal knowledge". Anyone who watched the recent TV documentary about society PR woman Liz Brewer will know what he means. Brewer, who had been hired by Ivana Trump to publicise her engagement, was shown planting a puff-piece about the betrothal on the eager Dumpster — who obediently took it all down at dictation speed.

In a recent *Sunset Times* article he even went so far as to call *Eye* stories "rubbish". Strange, then, that a small item in Bookworm headed "Remainders of the Day" should appeal so much to him. His rival diarist Ross Benson had his book about Prince Charles stuck on the remainder shelves after only a year. More than a fortnight after the *Eye* pointed this out, Dumpster managed to find out the same information and put it into his own piss-poor column under the heading "Broken Read".

CLIVE "Weasel" Wolman, who has resigned as City editor of the *Mail on Sunday*, likes to boast of his fearless investigative talents. But his own activities are overdue for some Wolman-style investigation.

Wolman is a director and shareholder in a modestly-titled venture called Global Business Journals Ltd and has long harboured plans to become a press baron himself. A couple of years ago he dreamed up a ludicrous plan to take on the *Financial Times* with a tabloid business daily — to be funded, he hoped, by his paymasters at Associated Newspapers. Having spent almost £1m on the absurd venture, Lord Rothermere decided not to continue with it.

His next port of call was David Montgomery of the Mirror Group, but he too declined to fund the project. In desperation, Wolman turned to David Elias, the matchbox-sized financier. Elias commissioned Jim Slater — yes, *the* Jim Slater — to do a feasibility study, for which he is rumoured to have paid a fee in excess of £150,000. At the time, coincidentally, Wolman was employing Slater as a share tipster at the *MoS*. However, in a fine gesture of independence, Slater went back to Elias and advised him against investing in Wolman's little fiasco. Slater has since left the *Mail on Sunday* — though of course his departure has nothing to do with his lack of enthusiasm for Wolman's venture.

Hurt by this rebuff, Wolman then issued a High Court writ against Elias for backing out of the deal. But according to Companies House, the two are still directors of Global Business Journals Ltd.

Meanwhile, Wolman looked around for new opportunities. Just before aborting his idea for a daily paper, he had heard that the City PR man John Coyle was seeking finance for a "*Campaign*-style" glossy magazine for the City of London. The two men met for lunch, at which Wolman told Coyle that his newspaper plan was coming along nicely. Coyle in turn discussed his own scheme.

Imagine his surprise when he heard last week that Wolman had resigned from the *MoS* and had backing from the *Financial Times* to launch... a *Campaign*-style weekly magazine for the City.

Where does this leave the *FT*? If it reneges on its tentative agreement to invest £4m in the Wolman venture, the Weasel will presumably issue writs. But if the *FT* does put money into the magazine, it could be in for a lengthy bout of litigation from the aggrieved Coyle. Either way, m'learned friends are anticipating a bumper pay-day.

WHILE personal finance writers bang on about the need for those selling insurance and unit trusts to reveal their commissions and other inducements from investment companies, they are oddly reticent about revealing their own freebies.

Sunday Telegraph personal finance editor Neil Simpson wrote an upbeat piece a fortnight or so ago rubbishing any worries readers might have about investing in the Far East. Just over 25 per cent of the long article was direct quotes from employees of Schroder, a unit trust concern with big interests in selling investments connected to the Far East. But Simpson failed to disclose that the article had been written following his nine-day all-expenses paid trip to China and adjoining countries — courtesy of Schroder Unit Trusts.

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! SPLASH! What a wave swept over Eve Pollard's glittering book launch with John Major and half the Cabinet at the Ivy.

Lady Lloyd has written a masterpiece. Michael Howard buys a copy (discounted from £16.99 to £10.99), and opens *Squelch*! at page 52: "It was Katya's first orgasm and for a second or two she had no idea where she was."

Excitedly, Michael opens another page (208): " 'Oh, oh, oh,' he said as she proved it to him again. The second time in an hour. Whether or not he could manage it again, he loved the feeling she aroused in him. She was as proactive and active and lust-filled as he was."

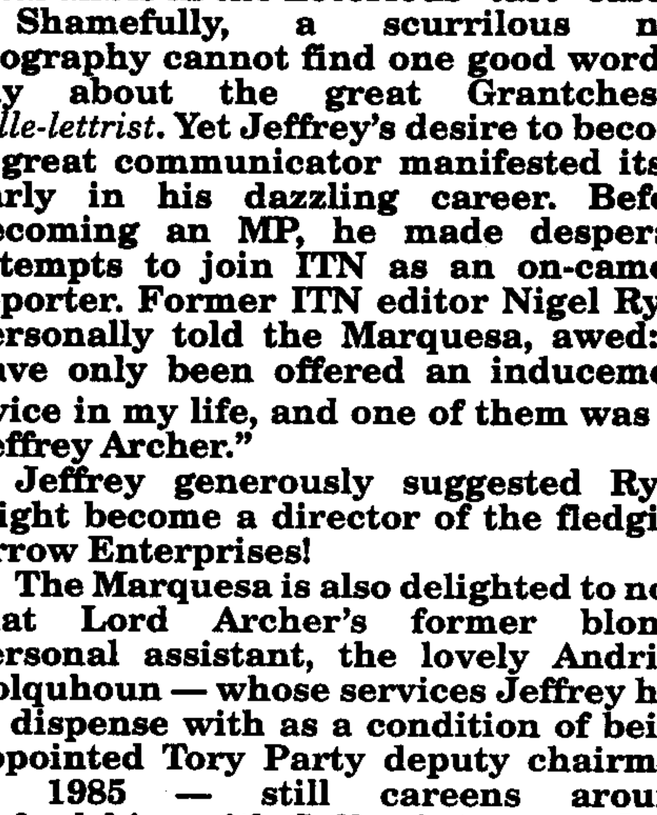
Peter Bottomley buys **three** copies, which Eve signs with a flourish, but curiously he hides them as soon as Virginia arrives.

HALLO! THE literary whirl continues as Lord and Lady Archer of Grantchester flee from the launch party of Richard Cohen Books before Vanessa Redgrave could begin her Trotskyist rant. This is particularly patriotic of Jeffrey as it was, of course, his former editor Richard Cohen who was one of the vital alibis in the notorious "tart" case!

Shamefully, a scurrilous new biography cannot find one good word to say about the great Grantchester *belle-lettrist*. Yet Jeffrey's desire to become a great communicator manifested itself early in his dazzling career. Before becoming an MP, he made desperate attempts to join ITN as an on-camera reporter. Former ITN editor Nigel Ryan personally told the Marquesa, awed: "I have only been offered an inducement twice in my life, and one of them was by Jeffrey Archer."

Jeffrey generously suggested Ryan might become a director of the fledging Arrow Enterprises!

The Marquesa is also delighted to note that Lord Archer's former blonde personal assistant, the lovely Andrina Colquhoun — whose services Jeffrey had to dispense with as a condition of being appointed Tory Party deputy chairman in 1985 — still careens around Oxfordshire with Jeffrey's treasured old number plate: ANY 1.



"Hanging's too good for them!"

HALLO! *WAITRESSES at Ardanaseig Lodge in Kilchrenan, rural Argyll, where thrilled when £13m lottery winner Winston Churchill strode in for lunch.*

After a magnificent repast, with lashings of fine wines, the dashing Tory adulterer paid his bill. The comely Scots serving wenches, however, were flabbergasted when young Winston had no change left over for a wee tip!

HALLO! THE Marquesa is touched once again — only spiritually, this time! — by Mr Alan Clark, the frisky former defence minister, who is embarking upon the road to Rome in the company of Father Michael Seed, the priest who ministers to the Duchess of Kent.

Does Fr Seed know Alan's views on some of his fellow clerics, as expressed in his celebrated diaries? I hope not. "I would gladly burn them at the stake. What fun to hear them pinkly squealing, or, as the faggots kindled, perhaps they would 'come out!' " wrote our pious supplicant amusingly in August 1984.

HALLO! BRITISH Gas's handsome Yankee chairman, Richard "Big Bucks" Giordano, boss of Cedric "Piggy" Brown, has been deeply shocked by the disgraceful snub to industry regulator, glamorous Claire Spottiswood — whose pathetic £60,000 salary was increased by a miserly £20,000, rather than the modest 70 per cent she was demanding.

No one has been more sympathetic than cigar-chomping Tricky Dicky. The sympathy is mutual. Following the outcry at the recent British Gas AGM, Claire has been asking plaintively: "What have they got against Richard?"

HALLO! *DARLING Jamie Blandford is in fine form again. After a recent race-meeting, the former drug-addict was queuing with other nobs for a helicopter. Suddenly, Jamie had to nip off for relief of some kind and when he came back he found Prince Michael of Kent in his place. "You wanker, you poof," Jamie inexplicably screamed.*

Then turning on Michael's companion, the Duke of Marlborough's heir snarled: "You middle-class cunt! You only live in a second-hand stately home!"

HALLO! TO THE dazzling launch of Joan Collins' brilliant new shaggin' 'n' shoppin' bonkbuster, *Too Damn Famous*. As the Marquesa chats with Ned Ryan, Princess Margaret's amusing little "walker", and Faye Dunaway's ex, snapper Terry O'Neil, we are introduced to a Spanish lady who claims to edit a glossy magazine called, absurdly, *Hello*!, and to be a Marquesa. How ludicrous!!

I cannot help noticing, however, that underneath this imposter's sumptuous coiffeur, the roots are showing.

'The Marquesa'

ACADEMIA Pt 94

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
BOARD OF THE FACULTY OF SOCIAL STUDIES

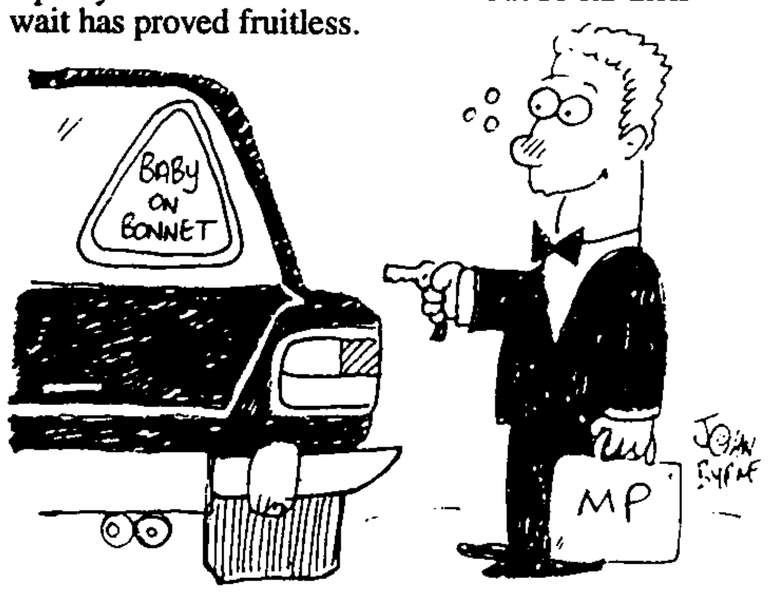
To: Examiners, Assessors. *From:* J.D. Kenyon.
Subject: PPE Finals, Amendments to Classification Conventions.

May I emphasise that this year $\beta\alpha$, $\alpha\beta$ and $\alpha\alpha\beta$ are functioning, respectively, almost exactly as $\beta\beta\alpha$, $\beta\alpha$ and $\alpha\beta$ did last year. Markers familiar with last year's conventions should adapt to the new nomenclature (designed to make Firsts *look* more like Firsts to outsiders), and not stint their leading α's.

J.D. Kenyon, Chairman of Examiners

LAST Friday, *Newsnight* carried a long and tedious report on how confidence in the City had been dented following the allegation of insider-dealing against the Government in the run-up to flogging Powergen. An "investor" called Christopher Moran told the programme that insider dealing was indeed a terrible crime.

This Christopher Moran cannot, presumably, be related to the man of the same name who has been de-barred from Lloyds, and who in 1988 was fined $1.5 million by the Securities and Exchange Commission in the US for, er, insider dealing. That Christopher Moran — who is a Tory party benefactor and claims to be close to certain members of the Cabinet — says that he was fined in absentia and has every intention of returning to the US to clear his name. American investigators are equally keen to interview him — but so far their wait has proved fruitless.



WHAT was the "gift of jewellery" accepted during his visit in March to Bahrain by William Powell, Tory MP for Corby, from the generous Emir-dictator — as revealed in the last *Eye*?

It was a be-jewelled Rolex watch, valued at £10,500.

"WE CANNOT accept that any overspending in one year should lead to any need to run down vital services at either of our two hospitals. We consider the accident and emergency services essential to a general hospital as we do the ability to provide surgical operations."

So said Chipping Barnet MP and Tory whip Sydney Chapman in response to the proposed closure of Barnet general's casualty department in 1993. This year, nearby Edgware general's casualty department faces the Bottomley axe but Sydney has changed his tune: "I appreciate it is difficult to persuade anyone living near a hospital that services will be improved by closing an A and E department, but I sincerely believe this to be the case."

His U-turn is surely not because Edgware general lies just outside his constituency.

'Backbiter'

The Sunday Times (June 11) reveals that Ready Mixed Concrete, the huge concrete group, paid for an office for Sir Denis Thatcher for two years after the Thatchers were kicked out of Downing Street. RMC owned the Bowbelle, the dredger with a half-drunk crew which smashed into the pleasure craft Marchioness in August 1989, killing 51 people. Despite constant pleas by the bereaved relatives, there has been no public inquiry.

Here are some facts not disclosed in the Sunday Times article.

1). The 1992 Hayes Report (by John Hayes, then secretary general of the Law Society) into River Safety revealed: "I understand that the decision not to order an inquiry was taken at No 10 Downing Street on advice from the department although earlier transport disasters on a similar scale had received a different response".

2). Sir Neil Macfarlane is a close friend and regular golfing partner of Sir Denis. From 1972 to 1992 he was a Tory MP. From 1981-1985, he was a Minister at the Department of the Environment with special responsibility for sport. Soon after leaving office, he joined the main board of Ready Mixed Concrete. In 1988, when the Thatchers were still in Downing Street, he was knighted.

3). On June 20, Eileen Dallaglio, who lost her daughter on the Marchioness, starts a four-day action against Ready Mixed Concrete for damages for her daughter's "loss of chance in life". Lawyers for ready Mixed Concrete are very much hoping that their clients' links with the Thatcher family are not discussed in open court.

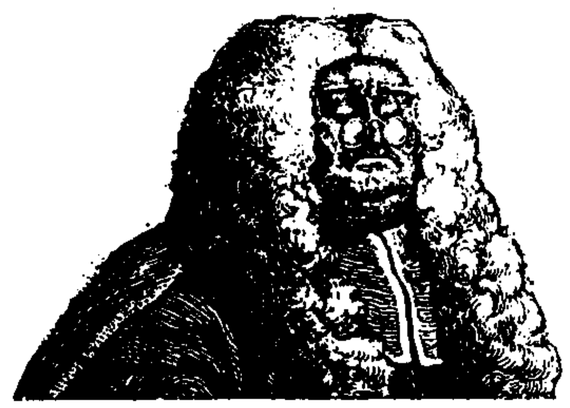
LEGAL NEWS

THE *Indescribablyboring* has proudly trumpeted its story about the shocking plea-bargain deal by which fraudster Roger Levitt evaded a prison sentence. All the essential details were published in the *Eye* in January 1994, a couple of months after the case had been so unsatisfactorily resolved.

At the centre of our piece was David Cocks QC. Cocks had written a brazenly hypocritical article in the *Times*'s law section suggesting that the public were understandably shocked by the sentence of a mere 180 hours' community service against Levitt. He had also told BBC1's *Business Breakfast* that he had been surprised when Levitt had walked free. Cocks later impudently suggested that the plea had adequately reflected the extent of Levitt's criminality, but that the judge had been responsible for sentencing — even though Cocks knew full well that the plea had only been made on the basis that an indication of a non-custodial sentence be obtained from the judge, as indeed it was. Yet it was David Cocks himself who agreed to the plea bargain.

One reason why Cocks might have been especially happy to accept the plea was that he had already accepted a brief worth £75,000 to lead the defence in another fraud case set down for January 1994 and if the Levitt trial had continued he would have had to withdraw from that. The *Eye* can now reveal that Cocks was paid a brief fee (i.e. just to read the papers) of £110,000 by the SFO to lead the prosecution of Levitt. Since the SFO pays QCs on the basis of £180 per hour of pre-trial preparation, this would mean that Cocks supposedly spent over 610 hours preparing for the case (or 187 days at 7 hours a day).

How on earth did he find the time, since he was appearing in a case at Southwark Crown Court for the four months prior to the Levitt trial? Indeed, the Southwark case overran the Levitt trial and Cocks was obliged to leave a junior in charge, although he hurried back for a day once the Levitt plea-bargain had been struck, requesting as a matter of "personal convenience" to him that Mr Justice Laws defer his sentencing of Levitt to the day after.



BETTER THAN O.J.

THE TRIAL of Robert Maxwell and his sons has once again illustrated the limitations of the legal profession.

Counsel for both prosecution and defence have ensured that the arcane world of low finance — such as foreign exchange transactions, stock-lending, not to mention Maxwell's inimitable internal accounting methods — remain as incomprehensible to the jury as possible. Journalists and public alike have been amazed by the way the wigged gentlemen airily demand scores of documents to be displayed on computer screens, mumble a few inscrutable sentences and pass on. A typical soundbite: "Now let us consider the call deposit account, your green bundle, page 60, that's K1/123...as you can see, it's dated 21 July 1991...well, actually it's a little unclear...could we have the top enlarged...thank you...aaah...yes, well now look at the memo, K2/124, which is...sorry, I mean J2/213...Note the signature...now the fax from Herzog, Fox and Neeman in your Blake file, K3/154 on the screen..." Still, the baffled jury can console themselves. There's only six months to go.

IRREFUTABLE evidence has quickly emerged of the affinity between m'learned friends and me unlearned hacks.

On the first day the judge, Mr Justice Phillips, felt it necessary to complain about the "objectionable and unfair reporting" which, he claimed, had already occurred. This needless slight then emboldened Ian Maxwell's supercilious QC, Edmund Lawson, to allege that a journalist had been seen going through his case files. "M'lud, it will not do," Lawson told the court.

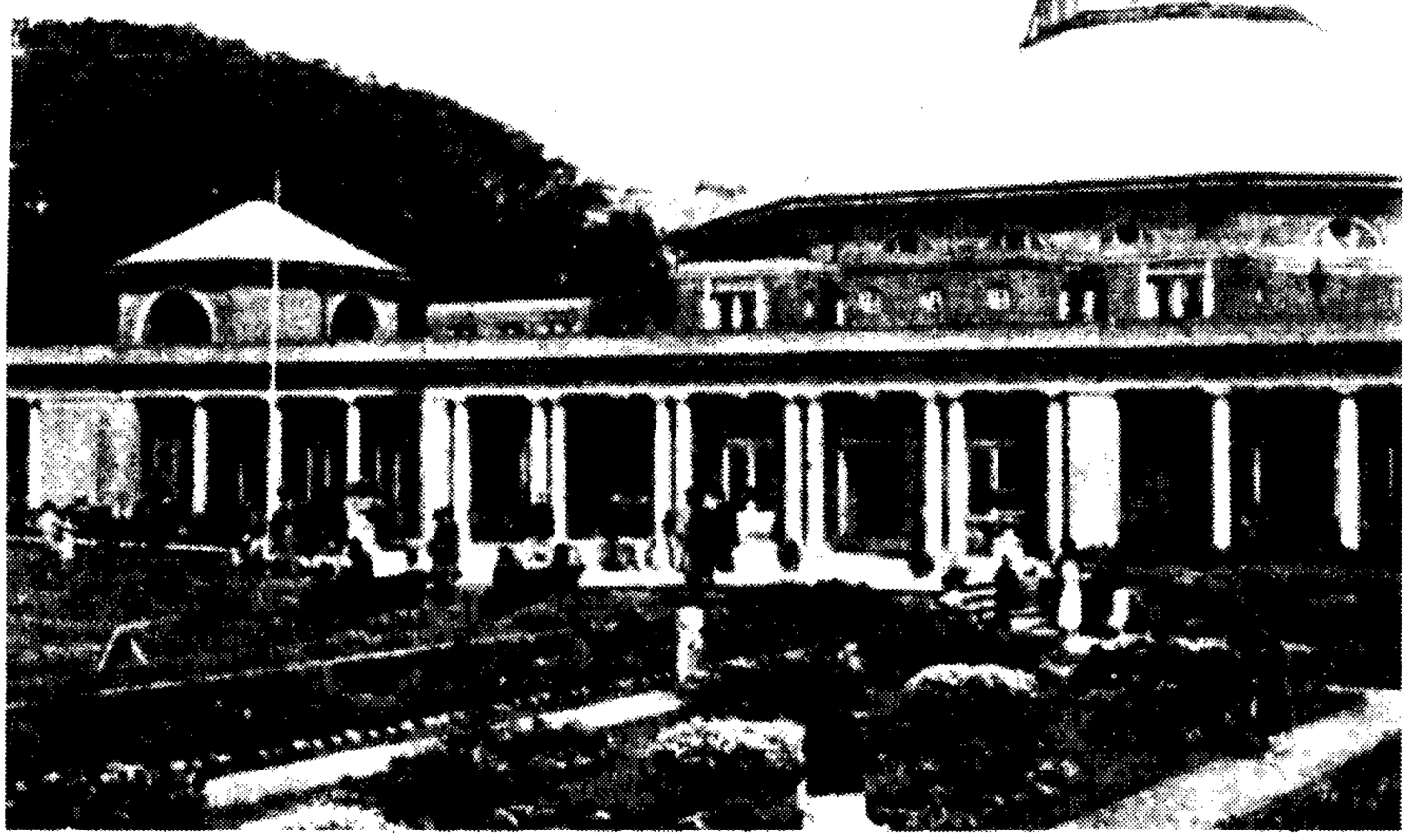
Confronted afterwards by Maxwell's biographer, Tom Bower, Lawson was forced to admit he had not personally seen the alleged incident. Two letters were hastily despatched to the judge complaining about "hearsay evidence" and the next day a contrite Phillips announced that no slur had been intended after all on the press. Lawson, however, has yet to apologise. It will not do.

A STRANGE assortment of people have been attending the trial at Chichester Rents, the Old Bailey annexe, such as old American lawyer friends of Maxwell and tight-lipped men in pin-stripes who seem to be on close terms with the defendants.

One afternoon two delightful silver-haired ladies appeared. At the end of the hearing they followed Maxwell's biographers, Bower and Roy Greenslade, into one of the tiny lifts. The garrulous Greenslade, who couldn't see the lean figure standing behind Bower, ventured to ask the women if they were *Mirror* pensioners. "No," said one, "we're just here to see what happens." Then they both giggled and blushed. When the lift door opened it became clear why. The mystery occupant was none other than the saturnine Kevin Maxwell. Afterwards one of the ladies told Greenslade mysteriously "Thank you for that dear. It quite made our day."

NOOKS and CORNERS

SION COLLEGE, a society with a magnificent library for the clergy of London, occupies a purpose-built home on the Victoria Embankment, designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield in 1884. Since 1944 the building has also been the home of the bombed-out City Livery Club, but its main purpose is to house a library of 100,000 volumes — including 430 medieval manuscripts — the product of many generous benefactions. All this, of course, on the once-reasonable assumption that clergymen are educated men who read books.



When the new building was opened in 1886 by the Prince of Wales, the president recalled that Sion College had been founded by the Rev Doctor Thomas White in 1624 "with a view to encouraging sound learning... [and] for the maintenance of truth in doctrine, love in conversing together and for the repression of such sins as do follow men".

But surely there is no sin in trying to make a quick buck these days, especially when what matters most in an Anglican clergyman is his skill with the coffee urn and his sense of rhythm in hand-clapping? For it has not escaped the notice of the court of governors that Sion College occupies a valuable site with considerable development potential. After all, the college has been ineptly managed for years and is in financial trouble...

So, without telling the fellows of the college (the incumbents of certain London parishes) and carefully excluding the college librarian from any discussions, the president of the court of governors, the flamboyant Fr Victor Stock, instructed the college administrator, a retired general, to enter into secret negotiations with that astute collector and landowner, the Marquess of Northampton (grand master of the freemasons).

But what of the books? Oh yes: if anyone really wants to look at those, then the pre-1900 volumes will go to Lambeth Palace library (where they will be much less accessible) while the rest can be housed in a redundant City of London church — so dealing, at a stroke, with one of the tiresome Wren buildings proposed for the chop by My Lord Templeman. This might cost money, of course, but surely not so much as can be made out of the Victoria Embankment site.

At an extraordinary general meeting on 9 May, the court of governors got their way. Sion College is a trust and a charity, and when it moved from its old home in London Wall an act of parliament was required. This time, however, some clever church lawyers can no doubt square things with the charity commissioners. "Grey" Hope, My Lord Bishop of London — appointed as visitor to the college under Dr White's will — has not seen fit to complain, nor has the Archbishop of Canterbury, Gorgeous George Carey, although he was a beneficiary of Sion College when a student. Money is what matters.

The guide to "Library London" in George R. Sims' *Living London* of 1902 describes how "you follow a scholarly bishop up a flight of stairs, and quickly find yourself in the centre of the greatest theological library in the world". A scholarly bishop? Today? Dictatorships, fearing the power of books, go in for public burnings. Other institutions, however, as they descend into barbarism, merely sell them or give them away.

MY PICTURE returns yet again to the poor old Isle of Man. It shows the Villa Marina in Douglas, a great pleasure dome of 1913 with an arcade along the Promenade added in 1931 to enable access to the public gardens behind. Now it is all rather sad, as for decades the building has been neglected and stupidly mutilated.

Naturally this fine building is not "registered", ie listed. Now a whole wing, containing a restaurant, has been demolished. Why? Because there was dry rot. Did it not occur to the authorities in Douglas that it might have been more sensible to repair it? Evidently not, any more than they can grasp that, if restored, the Villa Marina would be a huge asset for the conference trade Douglas needs.

This is yet another case, I fear, the new SAVE Mann's Heritage (Eye 873) must get its teeth into.

'Piloti'

Neither Miss Raven nor myself are homosexuals. We are simply in love.

JULIE BURCHILL
Evening Standard

I think it *(The Modern Review)* transformed the way the media treated mass culture. We played a part in making them treat it more seriously.

TOBY YOUNG
Independent

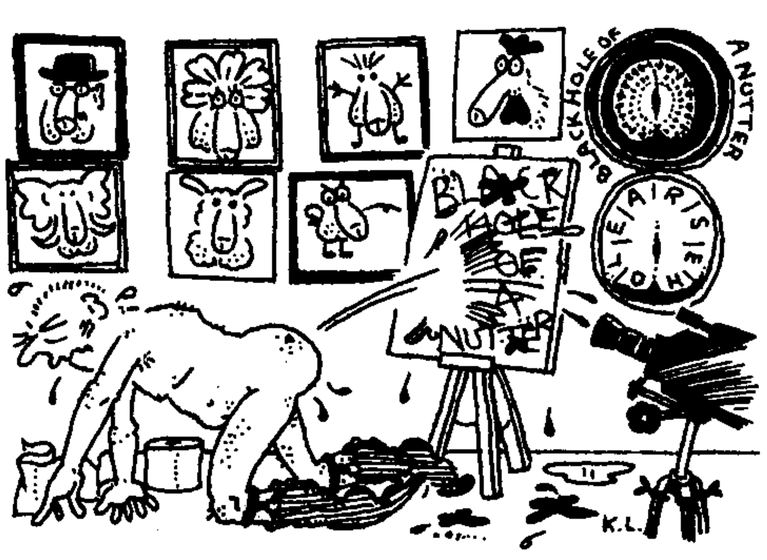
If the experience of the city is as the post-modernists describe it — disconnected, fragmentary, lacking in meaning — then the whale stands as its opposite. It is a vision of the lost ideal of modernism: form created by a clear inner idea. Post-modern cities need whales as their necessary order. They are everything the city negates.

ROS COWARD
The Guardian

Even before the National Anthem, he (Alex Ferguson) was glancing across at the United fans, marvelling at them. They knew he was looking at them and shouted all the louder: let our sound be your strength, forget your fear, find courage in our hope; we are here, we are with you, we are among you, of you we are you, and you are us.

KATE BATTERSBY
Sunday Telegraph

Pseuds Corner



LA-based Boadwee's last show consisted of photographs of his own genitalia, dressed up in strange ways, and his anus, encircled in bright coatings of paint or script. In his new body of work, a series of brightly-coloured splatter and drip paintings, his back passage is the paintbrush. Using an enema, the artist pumps paint up his rectum and then, with careful aim and great force, ejects it onto the canvas. We know how he does it because live-action video of Boadwee and his bottom in action are displayed alongside the paintings.

The Art Newspaper (US)

KATHLEEN KETE: The Beast in the Boudoir Petkeeping in Nineteenth-Century Paris

"Kete uses relatively obscure material as a prism to refract important changes in sensibility. Her book offers a brilliant new way of understanding the traumas of modernity." — Thomas W. Laqueur, author of *Making Sex*. £22.50

Advertisement

1080 Rave: Music by Ryeland Allison

Ryeland arranges simultaneous manifold particle vibrations to proclaim "Resonance". Resonance is to some extent qualified to contented apportion within disassociative continuance, preceding space. When converged in a synchronous locus, he at one regenerates toward fluidic empathy.

He is honored to introduce this to you.

Instruction manual
Roland JV1080 Synthesizer

CONTRIBUTORS: Gnome, E. Strobes, A. Maclean, C. Foden, B. Heywood, 'RJH', M. Dawson.

£10 paid for entries

EYE TV

IT'S OFFICIAL: there is no just cause or impediment to the blossoming love affair between Rupert Murdoch and Newt Gingrich. This follows the failure of the House Ethics Committee to agree on whether or not there was any "impropriety" in Newt's dealings with the Digger.

The investigation began shortly after last November's elections, when it was revealed that Murdoch's firm HarperCollins was to pay Gingrich an advance of $4.5 million for his book *To Renew America*. Coincidentally, Murdoch had at the same time been lobbying Gingrich to remove the regulatory obstacles which prevent him from expanding his American media empire yet further.

After an outcry at this obvious conflict of interest, Gingrich renegotiated his publishing deal, accepting an advance of just one dollar. He will, however, receive handsome royalty payments. He has also set off on a barnstorming nationwide tour, paid for by the Digger: although it is officially billed as a book promotion exercise, Gingrich's glad-handing odyssey is being seen by most observers as a dry-run for next year's presidential race — leading to allegations that Gingrich's campaign is now being "bankrolled" by the ever-generous Murdoch.

Like any good marriage, the union between Newt and Rupe is strong enough to survive the occasional tiff. As part of their onslaught on political correctness, the Gingrichites in Congress recently repealed a law allowing media companies to take a two-year "tax holiday" if they sell their operations to members of ethnic minorities. What they didn't realise was that this would affect Rupert Murdoch, who was in the process of selling one of his television stations in Atlanta to a consortium headed by Quincy Jones, the black tycoon who used to produce Michael Jackson's records. The Digger had been hoping to take advantage of the "ethnic tax-break" to save $12 million in capital gains tax on the deal.

When Congress discovered its mistake, it hastily passed an "exemption", enabling Murdoch's sale to Jones to go through under the old, tax-free system. Meanwhile, with Gingrich's support, the House Commerce Committee has approved a "media deregulation package" along the lines proposed by Murdoch — who is understandably delighted.

Isn't love wonderful?

DESPITE the fact that just 30 per cent of News Corporation shares are controlled by family trusts, its chief executive, Rupert Murdoch, runs the company as a patriarchal fiefdom. He has lately announced the appointment of Lachlan, his son, as deputy chairman of the board of directors of Star TV.

Star is an Asian satellite service reaching 50m homes which has attracted attention for its willingness to do whatever the Beijing government wants (like axing BBC World Service).

The 24-year-old's appointment to the station comes after a few years of very rapid grooming.

His college holiday stints at the *Sun* and the *Times* will have stood him in good stead. As will his appointment as general manager of Queensland Newspapers last year. But few realise that the youngster's coaching began far earlier.

When Thomas Kiernon wrote a synopsis to publishers for his biography of Rupert Murdoch, he included details of a revealing interview he had with the Digger in the spring of 1984. Murdoch had been candid about the problems he was having with his children. His daughter was getting in trouble at her posh private school and he could not change his sons' disturbing taste in lurid videos.

Evidently a diet of sex and violence at a tender age has prepared young Lachlan to begin the takeover of his father's empire. One production, which might tempt Lachlan in the future, is the News Corp collaboration with PEI — Playboy Enterprises Inc. The result is the Playboy TV channel which is due for launch in the UK this year.

I-BSkyB

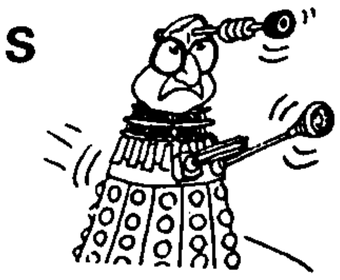
For those unable to take the day off and catch the full live coverage on Sky Sports, here are the highlights of the one-day Test, distilled into an hour.BSkyB leads the way in wall-to-wall football coverage this season.

Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTOR: James Penn

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS



BIRTSPEAK

IN THE kingdom of John Birt (official language: Birtspeak), another surreal non-post has emerged: that of *Corporate Breakthrough Adviser*.

As the ad in *Ariel* reveals, *Breakthrough* aims to use "team-based problem-solving to involve people in improving the way their part of the BBC works". Although there's no money for new programmes, "so far over 250 teams have been launched. Further growth will depend on integrating the approach with broader business improvement strategies."

But what does this mean and what will the lucky person *do*? He, she or it will align *Breakthrough* "more closely with business needs: support the existing network of advisers and facilitators; work with Business Unit heads and other managers who want to develop their use of team-based problem solving; help sponsoring managers set up teams; facilitate individual teams; deliver adviser and facilitator training; building awareness of the value and successes of *Breakthrough*."

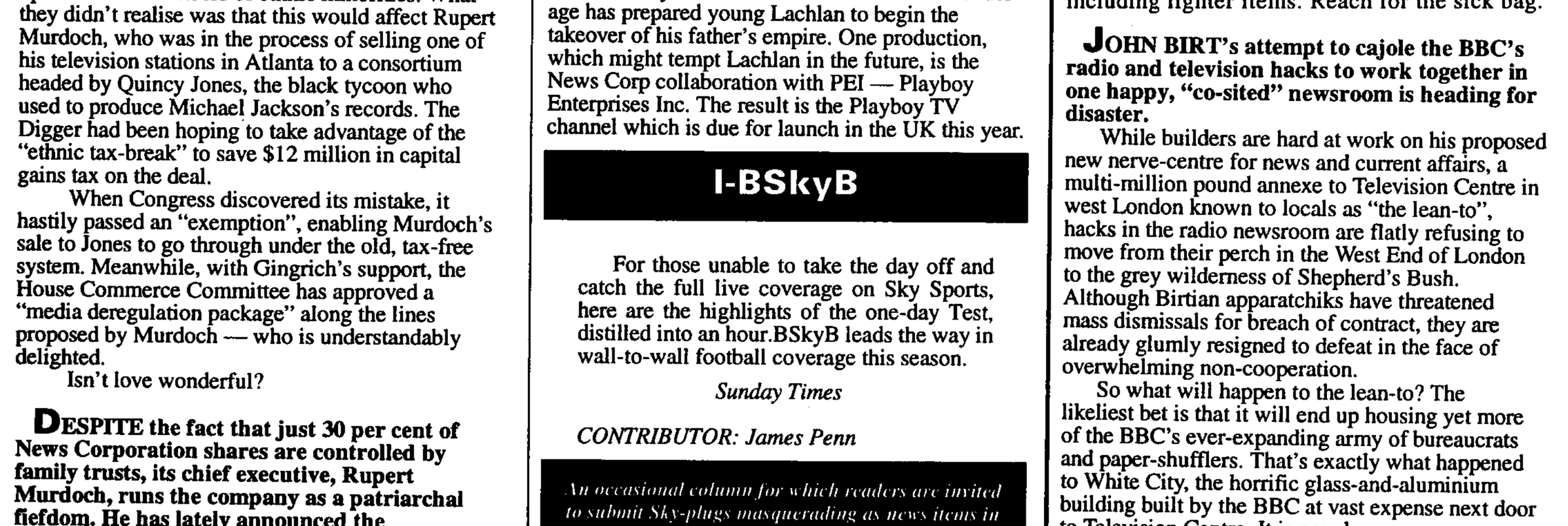
LATEST news from the new down-market BBC: the dumbing of *Newsnight*.

New editor Peter Horrocks began by introducing ludicrous graphics and studio set-ups, including a zebra crossing and belisha beacons for an item on road safety. Now, however, the dumbing extends to choice of items. Jeremy Paxman was recently found to be interviewing the British *Cluedo* champion: a man in full rig as Colonel Mustard. He and Peter Snow are going to be squirming their way through many similar pieces in the future. The word from the BBC is that current affairs shows have been instructed to increase their "reach" by including lighter items. Reach for the sick bag.

JOHN BIRT's attempt to cajole the BBC's radio and television hacks to work together in one happy, "co-sited" newsroom is heading for disaster.

While builders are hard at work on his proposed new nerve-centre for news and current affairs, a multi-million pound annexe to Television Centre in west London known to locals as "the lean-to", hacks in the radio newsroom are flatly refusing to move from their perch in the West End of London to the grey wilderness of Shepherd's Bush. Although Birtian apparatchiks have threatened mass dismissals for breach of contract, they are already glumly resigned to defeat in the face of overwhelming non-cooperation.

So what will happen to the lean-to? The likeliest bet is that it will end up housing yet more of the BBC's ever-expanding army of bureaucrats and paper-shufflers. That's exactly what happened to White City, the horrific glass-and-aluminium building built by the BBC at vast expense next door to Television Centre. It is now known as "Ceausescu's Palace".


THE CLIVE JAMES SHOW
I LEFT THE BBC AND JOINED ITV FOR THIS ORIGINAL SHOW...
THAT INCLUDES CLIPS OF THE WORLD'S WORST TELEVISION PROGRAMMES...
Saturday NIGHT CLIVE
Ken Pyne

JOHN BIRT'S consultancy gurus, McKinsey, have cost the BBC £6m. Money well spent, of course, as estimates (from, er, McKinsey) showed they would produce £255m worth of savings.

These were not in evidence, however, when the recent moratorium on programme-making was announced. A recent *Business Age* report showed that the BBC now costs more to run while employing fewer people and despite a lot of work having been farmed out to independent producers.

McKinsey employees have been barred from talking to the press to prevent consultants coming out with any more classic quotes such as "High fees protect us from not being taken seriously by the client". But their acumen was recently demonstrated to one BBC staff member when a couple of the high-flying consultants, fresh from college, asked him how he felt his department could change. A month later he was presented with the consultants' report — repeating what he had said almost word-for-word.

ARIEL, the BBC's in-house magazine, is sometimes unkindly referred to as "Pravda" by critics who think it is merely a PR sheet. In fact, it is a wholly independent and unconstrained publication, as a recent article about independent production targets clearly showed. Headlined "Independent targets met", the article boasted that "the BBC exceeded its target for independent production in the year ending March 1994".

Industry observers were puzzled. An article in *Broadcast* magazine at around the same time was headed: "PACT attacks BBC failure on independent quota". The independent producers' association had accused the BBC of incompetence for failing to meet its 25 per cent independents quota. This version of events seemed to be backed up by other press reports. But obviously *Ariel*, as the official voice of the BBC, had the most reliable account.

PROOF positive of Lord Tebbit's claim that the BBC is a leftie-run conspiracy dedicated to destroying the British way of life came last month.

A pair of hillwalkers, seeking shelter from the elements in a bothy on a remote west Highland hillside, startled a small group of conspirators huddled inside the hut.

First BBC director-general John Birt blinked owlishly out of the gloom. Then "Red Ken" Baker, former home secretary, grinned foolishly. Also present in Sandinista-style camouflage gear (and green wellies) were Sir Tim "the Trot" Renton, ex-chief whip, and Sir Adam "Bolshie" Butler, former Tory MP for Bosworth and son of the late Rab.

They were guests of Jonathon Bulmer, owner of the North Harris estate, whose wife is the daughter of Lord Glanville, cousin of the Queen.

How they are related: BBC chairman Marmaduke Hussey's wife, Lady Susan, is lady-in-waiting to Brenda.

Clearly the tentacles of international communism have a stranglehold on our national broadcaster, just as the wise lord warned.

CHANNEL ONE'S latest bright idea is to shoot a reconstruction of the death of Joy Gardner. Reconstructions are usually reserved for catching criminals, but no one has pointed this out since the film is the brainchild of Peter Wallace, Head of News.

With the trial of the officers involved in the attempted deportation of Mrs Gardner going on at the Old Bailey, Wallace obviously felt the reconstruction could be used in a news special. Insiders report that the film, shot in the Channel's basement studio, is a completely tasteless imitation of events.

In a spirit of amateurism, a sports researcher plays Mrs Gardner, and two videojournalists play the policemen involved. The researcher is in her early twenties and is clearly not black. The two video-journalists are also in their twenties, when the policemen involved were middle-aged.

Concerned journalists at the station are hoping that the tasteless production never reaches the air.

HACKWATCH: NIALL FERGUSON

THE Oxford historian Niall Ferguson has replaced his mentor, Professor Norman Stone, as the most ubiquitous media don in the land — dashing off newspaper columns, holding forth on *Question Time* and yet somehow finding the time to mark his students' essays.

So when the *Independent* wanted a quick why-oh-why piece on the demise of the *Modern Review* last week, it naturally asked young Niall to oblige.

Ferguson's wife, *Sunset Times* deputy editor Sue Douglas, is an old chum of the *Modern Review* crowd. Julie Burchill's bonkbusting *Ambition* is dedicated to her, and only a few weeks ago Douglas was trying to recruit Toby Young as the *Sunday Times*'s new literary editor. But, in an admirable display of husbandly independence, Ferguson blasted the magazine with both barrels.

"To me," he thundered, "there was something contemptible about the *Modern Review* and all it stood for — something wretched about all that intelligence and ink squandered on unmitigated crap." Incapable of writing about "serious subjects", the *Modern Review*'s contributors had "fallen back on the one subject on which, alone, they are the expert: themselves." He listed the magazine's qualities: "A taste for the trivial. An appetite for the ephemeral. And, above all, a veneration for the banal. Or, to put it another way, a fear of the difficult, the serious, the enduring and the profound... Good riddance to it."

As an *homme serieux*, Ferguson would never dream of wasting his own intelligence on trivia. Nor, of course, is he ever tempted to fall back on writing about himself — as the following summary of his weekly column from the *Daily Telegraph* shows.

18 January: Niall has been on his travels. "Back to boiled eggs after a week in idyllic Jamaica, home of one of the world's great breakfasts, ackee and codfish."

25 January: "Tonight is Burns Night, though I must confess to having binged already on haggis, neeps, mashed tattie and malt." Malt whisky, he observes profoundly, "remains the *sans pareil* of strong beverages."

8 February: Further serious and enduring revelations about our hero's domestic life. "There are times when I feel like a reluctant Gerald Durrell. Already I share my home with two cats, three dogs, and (at the last count) 10 horses — to say nothing of the mice and rats. Now my wife sidles up and says 'Darling', which always spells trouble..."

15 February: "There are times," Ferguson confides, "when I miss the bracing air and ideological rigours of Cambridge." Still, even in Oxford he has plenty of dialectical problems to keep his mind occupied. "My wife and I have been engaged in a protracted argument regarding the christening of our son..."

22 February: "Finally and happily, we resolved the problem of our son's christening, which I mentioned last week." What a relief.

1 March: Even such a momentous event as the fall of Baring's Bank cannot stop Ferguson from navel-gazing. "Throughout the 19th century," he recalls, "the bank's greatest rivals were the Rothschilds, the subject of the book I am currently writing."

15 March: Linda McCartney has been accused of "targeting" teenagers with her vegetarian crusade. As ever, Ferguson had a personal angle. "I'll say this in Mrs McCartney's defence: it is not only teenagers she wants to 'turn veggie'. When my wife and I met her, she 'targeted' us too — in the friendliest possible way. Curiously, she and my wife discovered a common enthusiasm: for horse-riding."

22 March: Midwives have voted for industrial action; once again, Ferguson's interest in the news is entirely solipsistic — for, we learn, he is "an expectant father". "Well, okay," he adds, for the benefit of dimmer readers, "it is my wife who is actually expecting our second baby."

29 March: "Do rats have rights? I ask this question because we are about to launch yet another pesticidal campaign against the rats which inhabit our farm..."

5 April: The news that young Tom Parker-Bowles has been arrested in possession of illegal drugs gives Ferguson the chance to reminisce about his own undergraduate years. "In my day, the rest of us had to depend mainly on subsidised college beer or homemade cocktails for our jollies." Fascinating!

12 April: "A disastrous Grand National, I fear. Having made the fatal mistake of listening to an expert (well, my wife), I put £5 each way on Young Hustler, Country Member and Minnehoma..."

19 April: Spring is in the air. "This weekend, my wife and I mounted an expedition to pick some of the bluebells which currently carpet the wood nearest us." Meanwhile, his "otherwise idyllic" Easter was marred by a row with his wife: he wanted to watch a Wagner opera on telly, while she insisted on *Gone With The Wind*. "Perhaps the most interesting thing, however, is that we both seem to prefer lachrymosity to laughter when it comes to entertainment... Does this qualify as a trend, I wonder?" Almost certainly.

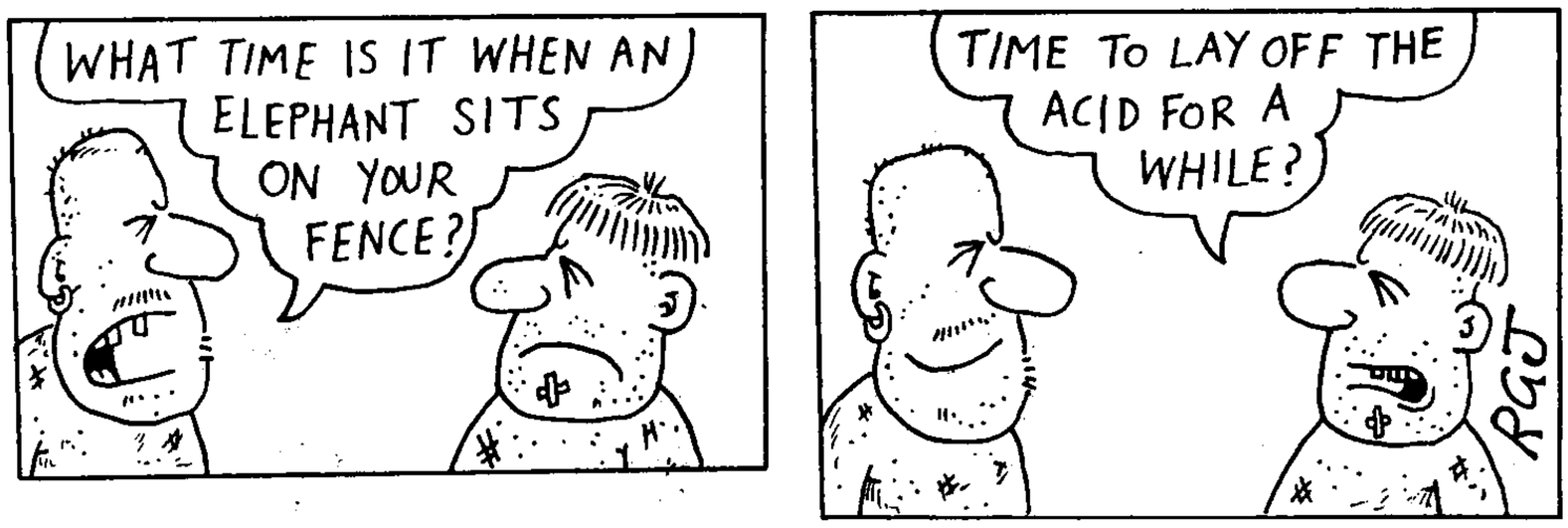
3 May: "This Saturday night I will not sleep a wink. The reason is that a nearby farmer has made his land available for what is expected to be the biggest 'rave' ever." As a highbrow, Ferguson is naturally appalled. "This damned racket is going to be imposed on my, my heavily pregnant wife and 15-month-old son whether we like it or not."

10 May: The "rave" has duly happened, and *Telegraph* readers will be anxious to know how the Ferguson family coped. "Though it was not quite as bad as I had feared, we were both woken at around 3.30am by the noise."

31 May: After two weeks of silence, Ferguson returns with glad tidings: "I have been 'away' because my wife has been having a baby." During his absence, he and his wife saw a TV programme called *Eurotrash*. "We watched transfixed," he reports. Finally, he informs us that "exactly one week after parturition, my horse-mad wife is out riding again."

5 June: Moonlighting at the *Independent*, Ferguson delivers his philippic against the *Modern Review*. "In a famous phrase, Hannah Arendt once referred to 'the banality of evil'. It may seem incongruous, but whenever I saw the *Modern Review* the phrase which came to my mind was 'the evil of banality'." How lucky that his editors at the *Telegraph* don't share his distaste for banality: otherwise what on earth could he write about?

LAUGHTER WITH THE JUNKIES



DOING THE ROUNDS

IN FEBRUARY 1994 senior social worker Sue Machin was sacked from Merseyside's Ashworth special hospital for allegedly providing a patient with a catalogue for listening devices. Ms Machin claimed that she was persecuted for whistleblowing about incidents of staff cruelty to patients and a Leeds industrial tribunal has agreed her dismissal was unfair. "The hospital acted unreasonably and failed to carry out a proper investigation."

The same charge could be levelled at the management of **Cornwall's Treliske hospital**, who have been forced to make a humiliating climbdown after the unfair dismissal of haematologist Dr Helena Daly (*Eyes passim*). The prolonged inquiry took a huge toll on her personal health, while her patients were wrongly deprived of her expertise. One winner however is Dr Mark Patterson, appointed as her locum 18 months ago. In 1984, he was convicted and sentenced to three years for stealing blood from the **London Heart hospital** and flogging it to a Danish foundation for £158,000. As the judge, Sir James Miskin, put it: "Your career as a doctor lies shattered in the United Kingdom for all time." He obviously hadn't counted on the generosity of Treliske (also famous for its baby back-stabbing and nurse appendectomy services).

● DR DALY may be able to pass on a few tips to Amiya Mukherjee, a general physician from **Shotley Bridge hospital, Consett, County Durham**, who was suspended on full pay in 1991 and has yet to have a disciplinary hearing. The total cost to the taxpayer, including employing a replacement, is £500,000 and rising.

● MAGGIE AIKMAN, who resigned her chief executive post at **Burnley general hospital** with £245,000 pocket money after the unfair dismissal of consultant obstetrician Ian Mahady (*Eyes passim*) has resurfaced in the **Countess of Chester hospital's finance department** to discover if it is underfunded. The trust, currently facing a £3 million debt, invested in a plastic surgery unit against medical advice. So few purchasers have lined up to use it that the management has started a "sell plastic surgery" campaign. Just the thing for strokes, heart disease, bronchitis and cancer.

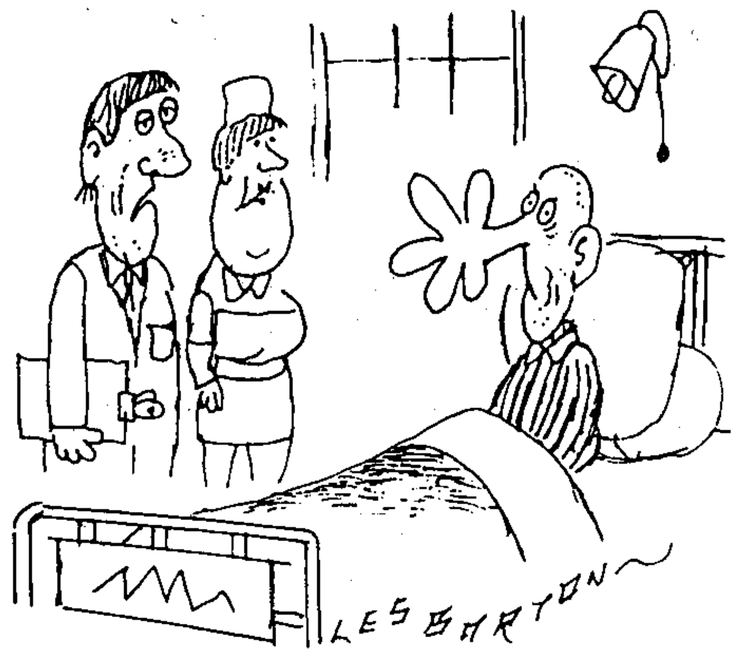
● IN **north London's Hatch End**, GP Dr Rosemary Alexander recently tried to admit a suicidal patient to **Northwick Park hospital**, part of **Harrow and Hillingdon healthcare NHS trust**. No beds. How about anywhere else in north London? Er, sorry. The whole of London? Pass. Anywhere in the Home Counties? You must be joking. How about the south of England? Not just at the moment, but we're expecting a few in time for the next election. There was, however, a bed for the man in Birmingham, ideally situated for rehabilitation back into a community. Just not the same community he had left.

● THE **National association of health authorities and trusts (NAHAT)** has distanced itself from NHS loto, a new and exciting lottery that plans to distribute a whole 25 percent to projects directly benefiting NHS patients. As NAHAT deputy director Jean Trainor said: "We worry about linking the NHS directly with gambling. It presents a picture of the NHS as strapped for cash."

● WHEN champagne socialist Andrew Wall left his post as **Bath health authority** general manager in 1992 he should, according to treasury regulations, have received £24,500 in lieu of six month's notice. Instead, **Wessex RHA** decided to give him £180,000. Mr Wall was last seen enjoying his inheritance.

● ON 12 MAY waiting times in casualty at **Sheffield's Northern general hospital trust** reached six hours, with two patients expiring on corridor trolleys. As one consultant put it: "Its bad... but its still not as bad as the Hallamshire." Meanwhile, **Leicester Royal Infirmary** has closed seven of its nine neonatal intensive care cots because of a shortage of junior doctors with specialist skills. Six babies have so far had to be transferred to other hospitals, including "nearby" **Cambridge**.

● **CLYDEBANK's** ill-advised private hospital, **Health Care International**, made a profit of minus £40 million in its first (and only) year of trading. At least £29 million was public money poured in by Scottish secretary Ian Lang. In return, the taxpayer can sleep safe in the knowledge that the business has been taken over by that linchpin of the NHS, the Abu Dhabi Investment Company



"Sorry, sir, the doctor was tired..."

● TWO senior citizens in **Birchington, Kent**, returned home recently to find a hearing aid on their doorstep. When they informed **Thanet health authority** that neither was hard of hearing, they were told it belonged to the home's previous owner, who had sent if for repair before his death — which was four years ago.

● THE *Fitzhugh Directory of NHS Trusts* reveals that leading **London** hospitals have been raking in record amounts of cash from private work while the capital's hospital waiting list is now a not very healthy 180,000.

The *Fitzhugh Directory* examined more than 300 trusts and found that income from private work has soared in the last five years from £80 million to more than £180 million. Top of the earnings league are **Guy's** and **St Thomas's** who netted more than £8 million last year. Another London hospital, **King's College**, came fifth from top in the league.

Has the extra money helped deliver a better service for NHS patients in the capital? Er, well... a group called Casualty Watch found that last year in the capital more than 160 patients waited more than five hours on a hospital trolley before they were seen, 15 of these at St Thomas's, and that 12 of the 160 kept waiting were aged over 90.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

SENDING cuddly lambs and calves to filthy continental slaughterhouses has made an enormous dent in the image of British farming. So severe has the flack been that NFU spin doctor Anne Dillon-Roberts has been under great pressure to come up with a campaign to restore public confidence.

Her brilliant response has been a national advertising campaign encouraging the public to visit farms. Her campaign, costing £160,000, offered participation in sheep shearing, milking and ploughing, and many of the other bucolic delights of country living. But with a skill only Dillon-Roberts could achieve, she set the launch on the same day dissident livestock farmers, under the banner of the Livestock Industry Support Trust, were to launch their campaign in support of live animal export. LIST got all the publicity and the Dillon-Roberts initiative floundered.

As a result a "farming hotline" set up to handle the hoards of eager punters flocking to the 600 or so farms open to visitors, received only 1,500 calls, less than three inquiries per farm.

While NFU subs are having to be increased to pay for this disastrous campaign, which has cost more than £100 per inquiry received, Dillon-Roberts had already affirmed her faith in the campaign by announcing her resignation three days before the press launch. She is now working out her notice on a £50,000 salary, while former *Daily Mail* Brussels stringer Trevor Hayes picks up the pieces as the NFU's new press supremo.

ONE of Hayes's first public forays in his new role was to hold the hand of Tony Pexton, NFU vice-chairman, during an "informal press conference" on organo-phosphorus (OP) sheep dips, held on the back of a joint NFU-British Medical Association extravaganza to discuss the dangers of these nerve-gas based agents.

Unfortunately intensive coaching from Hayes did not stop Pexton losing his rag when asked about the NFU's "rural stress" initiative, which is aimed at reducing the toll of farmer suicides (*Eye* 872). Pexton, who rates closure of rural sub-post offices as a more important cause of suicide than OP poisoning, had been asked to comment on claims by consultant psychiatrist Bob Davis that OP exposure could cause the clinical depression which might explain the epidemic of suicides in farming.

Angrily denying the link as "supposition", Pexton stood by his sub-post office theme, refusing to "make up policy on the hoof" by committing the NFU to a reappraisal of its campaign. But he did finally agree to look at the suicide problem again, in the light of Davis's findings, no doubt under the skilled guidance of Trevor Hayes. There is hope yet.

THERE is less hope for Bacup pig farmer and slaughterer Jim Law. Last week at a tribunal in Manchester he was appealing against the ministry of agriculture's refusal to give him a licence to slaughter 300 pigs a week in his small but brilliantly clean slaughterhouse.

Since the implementation of EU meat "hygiene" regulations, he has been forced to limit his kill to 60 a week, which has been forcing his business to the brink of bankruptcy. But when the tribunal chairman, Michael Ware, was told that the Maffia should have taken account of the superb quality of the meat Mr Law produces, and the fact that he managed to produce 300 pigs a week for nigh on 40 years before the EU intervened, without poisoning anybody, Ware ruled that quality and safety were irrelevant.

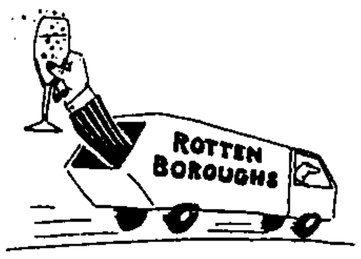
Mr Law faces the prospect that, despite his product being held in such regard by the local community that he cannot produce enough to satisfy demand, the Maffia is entitled to close him down because he does not meet its theoretical ideas of "hygiene" which are entirely unrelated to the standard of his product.

No doubt junior Maffia minister Angela Browning will be pleased when her officials close down another thriving business.

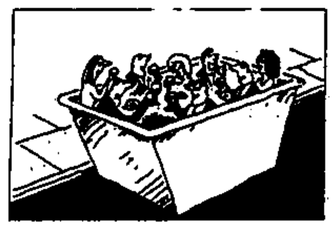
'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT
DO YOU THINK THEY KNOW WHEN THEY'RE GOING TO GET THE CHOP?
INTERESTING POINT JOYCE! BEEN QUITE A LOT OF RESEARCH DONE ON IT!
BUT, IF YOU WANT MY PERSONAL OPINION....
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE INTELLEGENT ENOUGH!
BARKLAND BANK WITHERING
MANAGER



THE
Rotten Borough Advertiser



HEATHROW TERMINAL ATROCITY

THE battle over Heathrow's fifth terminal continues, with both sides claiming the public is on their side.

Councils around the airport recently got together to commission an opinion poll, a year on from their last research which showed most people to be against the new terminal. This time their efforts to gauge local opinion were scuppered by interference from the British Airports Authority.

After a local paper ran a story about the intended opinion poll, Des Wilson of BAA wrote to MORI's Professor Bob Worcester with an "offer of assistance" with the questions. MORI kindly said it would recommend to the councils that BAA saw the poll questions before the survey was carried out.

But the councils were not so understanding about BAA's efforts to see their survey questions. The findings of the poll and even the type of questions asked would give BAA a strong indication of their opposition's tactics — vital information with a public inquiry in progress. The councils' concerns about confidentiality rose even further when they learned that Bob Worcester and Des Wilson had worked closely together on previous occasions. Hounslow council, in particular, was furious at BAA's interference and insisted the poll be stopped.

Meanwhile BAA has completed its own survey. Despite Des Wilson's liberal history as head of Shelter and leader of the Right To Know Campaign, he did not offer to show the opinion poll to the local councils in advance. So the councils were not given the chance to "offer assistance" with BAA's questions. And the results of BAA's survey? They showed, according to the Heathrow airport press office, "a significant increase in support for the proposed fifth terminal".

COOK SPOILS BROTH

WITH doorstepping confrontationist Roger Cook, the cure is often worse than the disease.

A number of small flies were attracted in Liverpool when the *Cook Report* set up a bogus security company, Protect-U-Right, promising those in an area of high unemployment the chance of a job.

However, two of the applicants, Gerald Wade and John Aspinall, were upset to learn when the programme went out on 30 May that they had been the victims of a scam. Aspinall had no criminal record and Wade only a caution for assault, yet they were considerably miffed by the programme's implication that they were among the criminal elements signing up for "security" work. They are suing jolly Roger for emblazoning the passport-size photo they provided on national TV.

Cook's team produced a flurry of interest in the Murkeyside press by producing press releases about their bogus firm. The *Liverpool Echo* emerged shamefaced after it reported police fears about private security firms, specifically naming the bogus Protect-U-Right as one of these dreadful companies. So the *Echo* ended up pointing the finger at the very people trying to expose the crooks.

Talking of the security business, things have not been going well of late for Panama Security, which mainly operates in the troubled Toxteth area. Panama is responsible for security at the brand new Women's Hospital, but with its initial skeleton staff it was unable to prevent thieves stealing expensive equipment.

Arsonists then set fire to two cars belonging to a doctor and staff nurse, causing members of the hospital trust to question Panama's effectiveness — and how it won the contract in the first place. Nor was it good for business when Panama's clients learned that the firm's boss, Wilfred "Panama" Jones, was up before the magistrates on 2 June on charges of assault, threatening to kill, kidnapping and false imprisonment — bail granted pending committal proceedings in September.

At least "Panama" has friends in high places. Petrona Lashley, who was almost crowned mayor of Liverpool before a string of old convictions were unearthed and revealed, wrote to David Alton, Panama's MP, asking him to speak up for the accused man. And representing Mr Jones in court was local solicitor Julian Linskill, who was also acting for the family of David Ungi, the man gunned down on the streets of Toxteth on May Day in a £20,000 contract killing (*Eye* 872).

Jammy Dodge Of The Week

THERE was no stronger supporter of the idea of a leisure centre and swimming pool in Stockport than the council's then chief executive, Arthur Wilson.

He quickly persuaded councillors of the enormous benefits the centre would bring to the health of the town, and the lucky winner of the contract to run the centre was the aggressive American-owned services company, Serco.

Time rolled on and chief executive Wilson retired. Under government rules the council must now put out to tender the management contract for all its 14,000 houses. A letter has just gone in to the council on behalf of Serco expressing great interest in this lucrative contract. It is signed by Serco's new consultant, Stockport's former chief executive, Arthur Wilson.

IN BRIEF

EDINBURGH: Despite police opposition, the Labour council allowed a march by the republican James Connolly Society to go ahead, resulting in 63 arrests and five injured officers. "We made the right decision," said a council spokesman, defending people's "democratic right" to demonstrate. Now the Independent Loyal Orange Order will march on June 17 — thanks to a "democratic decision" taken by Lothian region's transport committee.

BROMLEY: Liberal Democrats accuse Tory councillor John Lewis of not declaring his interest in a £35,000 contract to rebuild a fire-damaged pavilion at a Beckenham school. As md of the building company, Volant, and governor of the school, the Lib Dems feel Mr Lewis should have said something. His excuse is that he missed the school governors' meeting when the contract was awarded: it clashed with a council meeting.

EALING: Why did Tory councillor Anthony Young fight to stop a piece of land being declared a conservation area, stating there had not been enough consultation? He was not a councillor in their ward concerned, and mystified locals thought there had been lots of consultation. Then someone remembered a planning application for two five-bedroom homes in the proposed conservation area from a David Haythorn. He is a senior member of the Ealing and Acton Conservative Association which proposed two of Young's fellow Tory candidates who now sit on the council, and he is also a friend of Mr Young's.

GWENT: The Labour-controlled county council has doubled its own salaries, costing taxpayers nearly half a million pounds, but council leader Graham Powell says: "The taxpayers do and will get value for money." Er... Bus passes have been taken away from pensioners while a council engineer on £25,000 a year moonlighted for a year without anyone noticing. And when the Newbridge bypass lost European funding — because someone at the council filled out the forms wrongly — it cost Gwent £5m.

O·B·N

You couldn't ask for a more perfect husband than Cosmo. 'Saint' would not be an inappropriate word.

He is incredibly good-looking, incredibly charming, incredibly supportive. He is just the husband from heaven.

TOBY YOUNG (on Cosmo Landesman, estranged husband of Julie Burchill) Times

Submitted by D. Hayes.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

HUSBAND

Letters

Undercover-up

Sir,

Your correspondent C.C. Rogers, who defends the Ministry of Defence Police (EYE 873) is an interesting fellow — none other, I do declare, than Det Sgt 1582 Colin C. Rogers of the ministry of defence police, travelling incognito on another bit of undercover work. All that time spent working on behalf of and with MI6, MI5, HM customs etc, unaccountable, irresponsible and lawless organisations form a habit of travelling incognito. "Just another member of the public, Guv."

As an ace member of the HMG cover-up team, it has been a busy period closing down companies like Astra which knew too much about government policy and arms supplies and which actually had the cheek to compete with Royal Ordnance — which in spite of privatisation and ownership by BAe still employs a lot of MoD police.

What about all those dubious arrests without charges (Sellers, Hollingworth, Anderson, Millar)? What about the theft and concealment of all those Astra files which would have short-circuited the inquiries and costs of various select committees and inquiries like the DTI select committee, Scott and the DTI. inquiry?

As for all those stolen Astra documents, were they all sent back to the receiver of Astra, and why weren't they sent to Scott direct by MoD police as 1582's colleague, Det Insp Berry, said in his letter to the receiver of 1 Feb 1993? "I understand that you are aware of the Scott inquiry and that some of these documents may be required at a later date by the inquiry."

Why didn't Berry, Rogers and Co send the papers themselves or copies thereof to Scott? Perhaps 1582 can let me know where all my diaries, personal papers, stolen file on EPREP and Peter Levene, Stephan Adolph Kock, Iraq, Iran etc have gone?

Is it a fair cop, Guv?

Yours faithfully,
G.R. JAMES,
Former chairman, Astra Holdings, BMARC etc., London.

Poetic justice

Sir,

Your piece on R.S. Thomas in the latest EYE was misleading. Many of us think he ought to get the Nobel prize because he is, quite simply, a great poet: his views on Welsh holiday homes or anything else do not alter this fact. I didn't know that literary and academic prizes were awarded for political correctness!

I'd also like to point out that 1) R.S. has never advocated violence against people; he is an enemy of the military machine, and 2) holiday homes in beautiful parts of Wales and elsewhere are resented by the people who live there because they push up prices and force the young to move away.

Why don't you print what R.S. actually said on the subject? — his views are less crude than you seem to think. Or, better still, why not encourage your readers to look at his poetry? It's a shame, when we have someone of Nobel status living in this island, that a normally intelligent paper should run him down.

Yours sincerely,
DR. MERRYN WILLIAMS,
Wootton, Bedfordshire.

LUVVIES

Steven Berkoff, the actor and playwright who describes himself as a "reborn Shakespeare"...
Sunday Times

Submitted by Everyone.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

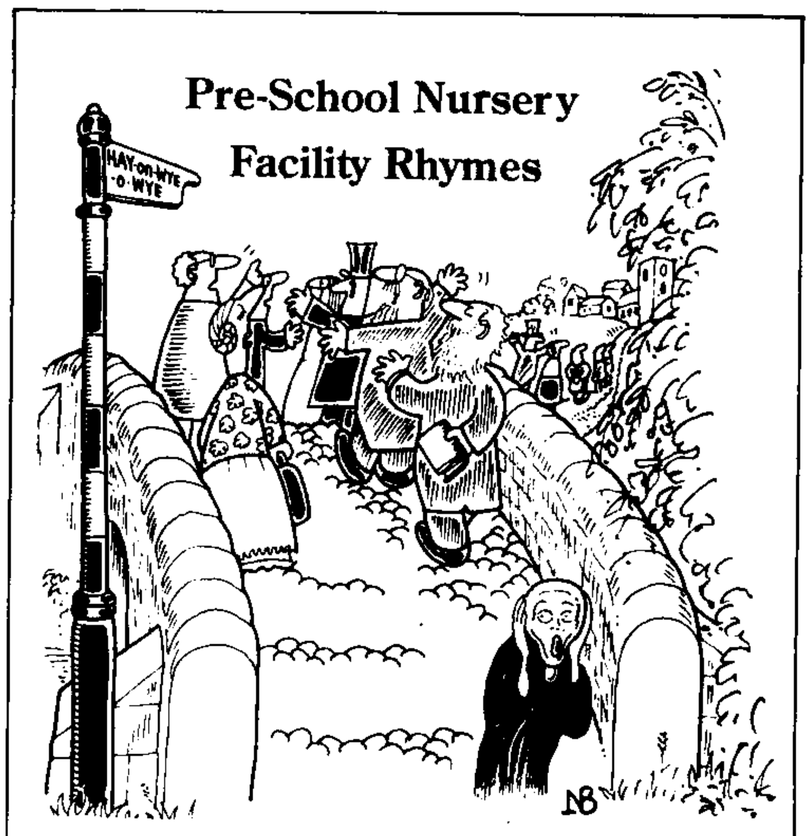
No jumper...

Sir,

Whilst reading a recent magazine article about the many obscure sports to be seen on Sky TV (kamikaze abseiling, driving pickup trucks with big wheels, etc), I came across a referebce to Two-Up Bungee Jumping. The couple in your photograph are a mixed doubles team of some fame, and the extra strain on the big elastic means that headgear must be worn.

Please reprint the picture the correct way up. Thank you.

Yours,
MICK McALLISTER,
Wigan, Lancs.



Sing a song of sixpence, a pocketful
of rye,
Four and twenty authors went down
to Hay-on-Wye.
In seminars and readings they
talked the whole week through,
O, wasn't that a dreadful thing to
have to listen to?

No Fear

Sir,

It is great to see the EU's secrecy about its Panam project in Tibet covered in your organ but it is incorrect to say that "it has been left to Andrew Fear from Keele University to expose the secret deal by the Commission which will help China in its ethnic cleansing of Tibet".

In fact it was this secret deal that was exposed in the OBSERVER on 18 December ("Tibetans fear EU aid project will strengthen China's grip") and not the UN scheme that you refer to. While EU funding for Panam project was suspended after the OBSERVER's story, Sir Leon Brittan still believes it should go ahead and the project is due to be debated again in the European parliament.

Yours faithfully,
ANN TRENEMAN,
Foreign Editor, The Observer.

Lucky dip

Sir,

New Muckspreader (EYE 872) makes reference to a sponsorship between the DoH and sheep dip manufacturers Smith, Kline and Beecham (sic) in a "Healthy Alliance" award.

Shareholders in SmithKline Beecham (SB) will have read (Annual Report 1994) that the sale of SB animal health business to the Pfizer Corporation was completed in January 1995 for £927 million so "leaving SB in a position to concentrate on its outstanding managerial capabilities" etc.

Chief executive Jan Leschly, reports the new SB is proud to be called the "Simply Better" Healthcare Company whose promise is "to make people's lives better".

Yours SBly,
Mr A.A. LINEDRIVER,
Worthing, West Sussex.

Drip feed

Sir,

Yorkshire Water (World of Crap, EYE 873) is not the only water company to pour crap into people's homes.

A few weeks ago North West Water generously decided that each of its 2.8 million customers was due a rebate of £6.50. It therefore posted off to each customer an individual cheque for £6.50. Each cheque came enclosed with a glossy leaflet proclaiming that NW Water was dedicated to saving customers' money.

Since the company's sincerity and probity on such matters cannot be doubted, one can only guess at the hideously high costs that might have been invoked in alternative methods of paying the rebate — for instance, simply instructing the company's computers to deduct £6.50 from everyone's next bill.

Yours,
VAL DOBSON,
Bamber Bridge, Preston.

Lookalike

Julie Burchill

Julie Burchill

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the lack of resemblance between the Julie Burchill who writes for the SUNSET TIMES and the person of the same name pictured in the TORYGRAPH, who claimed to be editor-in-chief of the late MODERN REVIEW?

I think we should be advised of the real thing.

Yours faithfully,
TONY LYNCH,
London W14.

Hair piece

Sir,

It is apparently not just a "new trend in EYE journalism" to comment on "people in the news and their partners' haircuts" as Kathleen Stock assumes (Letters, EYE 872). Her fellow Mr Ogynist, La Bullshit, is herself reported as denouncing ex-partner Toby Young for being "as bald as a coot".

So that's all right then.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY PAUL,
Eastbourne, E.Sussex.

I-SPY *Streatham*

Submitted by Dr Fred Schon. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Writing down

Sir

I enjoyed Bookworm's piece on Jeanette Winterson more than anything I've read in a long time. Certainly a damn sight more than anything I've read by the Bard Herself, which is not much, and which isn't likely to be much more.

Cheers!
CHRIS KENDALL,
Brussels.

Artless

Sir,

Re: Literary Review, EYE *873. Do I detect a bit of lesbophobia?*

Bookworm tells us that Art, it seems, is the new man in Jeanette Winterson's life. Oh no, Bookworm's mistaken (he tells us), she is a cranky old dyke after all. Hang on though, she's also "one of the great cultural phenomena of the late twentieth century".

Rather like Virginia Woolf, Jeanette Winterson's reviewers promote the cult of personality while simultaneously condemning it. We know the circumstances of Winterson's life are extraordinary, but a writer whose added spice is to be a woman who loves women, is irresistible fare, remember PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE*?*

I suspect Bookworm, like all voyeurs, is keen to know the minutiae, that she loathes baths and central heating. Why mention them otherwise? Winterson has a twinkle in her eye that is lost on Mr Bookworm. Or so he alleges. Perhaps he's just jealous of Mr Art. Or perhaps he's hoping to be doorstepped.

Yours "crew-cutted",
LINDSEY VON MIHDT,
Peckham, London.

Booze cruise

Sir,

Richard Littlejohn (EYE *873) signs himself "Yours Hic..." and admits that he was allowed as much free beer as he wanted before the shambolic anti-motorway edition of his level-headed London Weekend TV chat show. Ah, so that's why he made such a balls of it!*

Yours etc,
H.T. JONES (Victim of the M11 Link Road),
Wanstead, London.

Please address letters for publication to Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG or e-mail to strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk (marked "For Publication"). And the Eye's WWW page is now available: http://www.intervid.co.uk/intervid/eye/gateway.html

Slanged off

Sir,

Square Eyes has a point about wannabe-Americans in the media (EYE *873). I have recently come across the terms "geek" and "ditzy", which I do not understand, but which I assume to be pejorative Americanisms. Where did I find them? In the previous column by Square Eyes!* (EYE *872).*

Yours pedantically,
NEIL MURRAY,
Bath, Avon.

Better read than Net

Sir

I was just wondering if you had any plans to put further sections of the EYE *on the Net, such as the Street of Shame. Of the sections already present I can only say that they are excellent, and it is about time that the* EYE *became a Net available tome.*

GUILLAUME RUETTE,
Durham.

● ***No. Go and buy the mag. Ed.***

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"When you're down, you Palace fans, the fickle finger of fate rarely smiles on you."
JONATHAN PEARCE, Capital Gold
(Maurice Barnes)

"So that's 24 points for Schumacher and 23 points for Hill — so there's only point between them if my mental arithmetic is correct."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC
(Martin Hayes)

"It's now 1-1, an exact reversal of the score on Saturday."
Radio 5 Live
(Andrew Thomason)

"Two things are absolutely clear, and I want to make them absolutely clear."
HARRIET HARMAN, Radio 4
(Roger Hoyle)

Guest: *Our latest venture is a pizza vending machine.*
Sean Bolger: *A pizza vending machine, what does that do?*
Guest: *Well, you put money into it and out comes a bit of pizza.*
Talk Radio UK
(Stuart Clary)

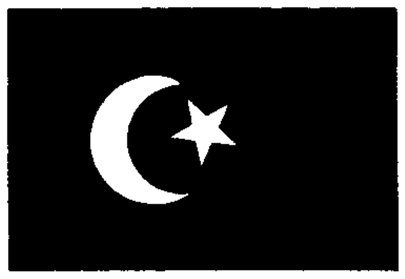
HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

YOU WILL SEEK OUT THE VENAL, THE DEVIOUS AND THE CORRUPT.
WILL I BE YOUR NEW GOVERNMENT WATCHDOG?
NOT EXACTLY. YOU'LL BE MY RECRUITMENT OFFICER.

Letter from **Turkey**

from Our Own Correspondent



IN a bitter contest for power, our glamorous prime minister Tansu Ciller is making most of the running against veteran conservative President Suleyman Demirel. The president is no longer on speaking terms with the prime minister, his one-time protégée whom he used to call "daughter".

Ciller, a charming blonde, is a millionairess and ardent pro-European who has fluent English and a Yale degree and used to be a university teacher. Meeting Major, Clinton and other western leaders, she shows off the modern cosmopolitan side of Turkey of which we are proud.

Our preferred image is as part of Europe, rather than the Muslim Middle East; and in the big cities lifestyles and tastes resemble those of Greece, Italy and other Mediterranean lands. There is no hang-up about alcohol and young women wear tight jeans or miniskirts in the streets of Ankara and Istanbul. Yet appearances can be deceptive.

The Islamic resurgence is not only in the small towns and villages. The conservative backlash has made spectacular progress in big cities too. Most of Istanbul's ten million population come from rural areas: poor migrants in search of work, as in Ankara and Izmir. The Islamists are now active in all areas of life.

The rise of the pro-Islamic Welfare Party (Refah) is part of the trend. It took control of Istanbul and Ankara in last year's municipal elections winning 20 per cent of the votes in an electorate tired of politicians' hypocrisy and empty promises. Refah's progress is being charted with concern by western embassies. Some predict an "Islamic wave" like Algeria, threatening the secular society established under the modernising dictator Mustafa Kemal Ataturk. But even if militant Islam has backing, most observers think Turkey will continue to tread a moderate path.

Popular discontent has more to do with the price of bread and rising unemployment. Some put their faith in the European Union, and an agreement between Brussels and Ankara could launch a customs union on 1 January. But while our press calls it the beginning of "a new Turkey", there are growing fears it could be a gamble, even if Greece does not block or veto the union.

Relations with Greece are worse than usual after Athens said it would double its maritime exclusion zone. This would effectively make most of the Aegean out of bounds to Turkish ships, and exclude us from anticipated oil and gas finds. In the European parliament, meanwhile, there were highly critical reactions to our army's invasion of Kurdish territory 40 kilometres into northern Iraq.

The separatist opposition party PKK (Kurdish Workers' Party) has strong backing from the Kurdish minority — 20 per cent of our 60 million population and concentrated in the southeast. The PKK's terror tactics have led to brutal military reprisals and heavy civilian casualties, while bomb attacks by Kurdish groups in European capitals and Turkish holiday resorts have hit the tourist trade.

This renewed war against Kurdish separatists has contributed to a loss of foreign confidence in our overheated economy, which is in its worst state for a decade, with inflation at an all time high and the lira sinking even lower. And though we may have a multi-party democracy and free press, unlike most Middle East states, our poor human rights record and harsh anti-terrorism tactics harm our image in the west.

Yet western pressure over human rights is proving counter-productive. We feel humiliated by repeated refusals to admit us into the European Union, while it is convenient for us to be in Nato. And there is outrage at the west's crocodile tears over the repression of the Kurds, but its refusal to allow Turkish troops for the UN force in Bosnia, or to permit the Bosnian Muslims to arm themselves.

Demirel has proposed that we should annex the Kurdish regions of northern Iraq to deal once and for all with the Kurdish terrorist menace. Bravely, Ciller has made outspokenly liberal statements on the issue. They raise hopes that a political solution to the problem may emerge, giving a viable alternative to the virtual civil war in our "Wild East".

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"I don't like doing this," Judge David Leahy told defendant Kenneth Saasta while pronouncing sentence, "because cocaine dealing carries a mandatory prison sentence. But, after looking at all the evidence, I'm gonna have to let you off with community service, because you're so goddam fat you'd break the jail."

Saasta, who had earlier pleaded guilty in the Santa Clara Superior Court to the possession and sale of narcotics, grinned as prosecuting attorney Cynthia Sevely begged the judge not to impose a custodial sentence: "Saasta weighs more than 650 pounds (approx. 47 stone), and there isn't a jail in the state that can hold him. We have to prise him in through the cell doors. The night he was arrested, he demolished all the bunks in the police cells by lying down on them, and smashed three toilets simply by sitting on them. No prison uniforms will fit him, he can't stand for more than 5 minutes but chairs collapse when he sits on them, and because of this problem with constant diarrhoea, we have to hose everywhere he's been. Even, as you can see, this court room... The jail would need to buy reinforced beds, chairs and toilets, and worse, he's so fat he can't even cut his own toenails or wipe himself in the bathroom. Someone has to do it for him, and the sheriff's department is threatening strike action if Saasta is sent to jail."

Judge Leahy also ordered that Saasta be tagged with an electronic monitoring device, but this ruling was overturned when it was discovered that none of the devices was large enough to fit round his ankle. *(San Jose Mercury News, 28/4/95. Spotter — J. Campbell)*

— o —

o "It is simply a question of supply and demand," a doctor at the Sin Hua clinic in Shenzen told reporters. "We carry out hundreds of abortions each month, and many Chinese women like to eat foetuses as a tonic. What is your problem with this?"

The doctor was speaking to reporters from Hong Kong, who were investigating the latest health food fad in China. "Eating a three-month-old foetus can make your skin smoother, your body stronger, and it is especially good for the kidneys. We are a state-run clinic, so we give the foetuses away to anyone who asks for them. Charging for them would be unethical. Yes, I regularly eat foetus. I'm also partial to fried afterbirth. Personally, I would recommend both dishes with pork soup." *(The Korea Herald, 12/4/95. Spotter — Mike Gibb)*

— o —

o *"My client has been seeking medical help for his condition," solicitor Anthony Muller told Wolverhampton Crown Court, "and apologises for any offence his behaviour has caused. But the fact is that, for several years now, he has been in the grip of a compulsion, and can only find sexual fulfilment by simulating sex in public with bin liners."*

Muller was defending Karl Watkins, 23, an electrician who had pleaded guilty to seven charges of outraging public decency. "My client's fetish centres on the feel and touch of a bin liner. It started when,

as a child, he used to get into a crouching position, push the pedal of a flip bin and rapidly spank himself with the lid. For some time, he has been prowling the streets at night, and the police have often surprised him in wheelie bins, and even in the backs of dust carts. In fact, his absolute sexual fantasy is to be inside a dustcart, naked, when the bin bags are crushed. He very much regrets the incidents on pavements in Halesowen, Stourbridge, Blackheath and Brierley Hill, all of which involved him standing in front of teenage schoolgirls with his trousers and pants around his ankles, and simulating sex with bin bags."

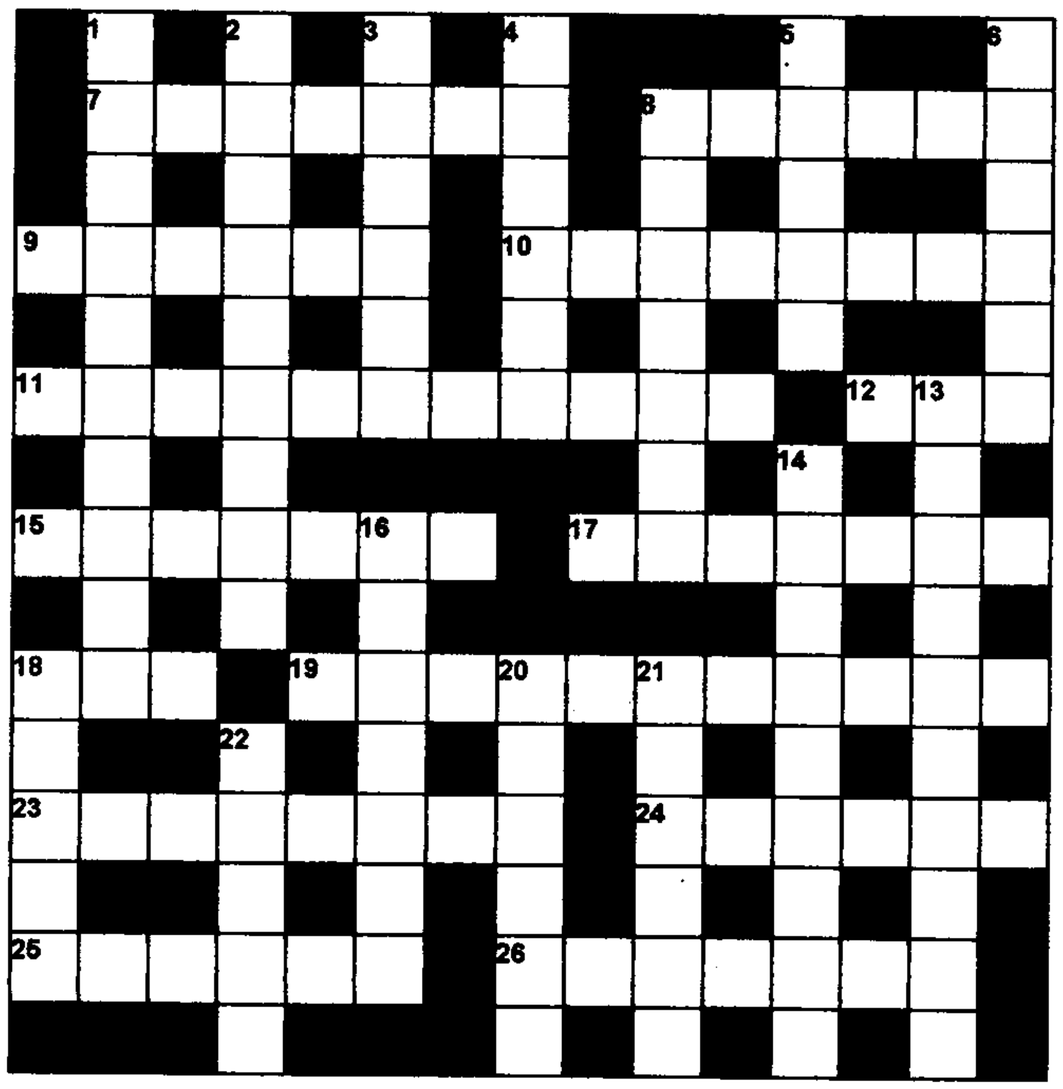
Judge Malcolm Ward placed Watkins on probation for three years, on condition he took bromide or an equivalent drug to reduce his high sex drive. His girlfriend said she would stand by him, on condition that he no longer helped her to put out the garbage. (Shropshire Star, 25/4/95. Spotter — Peter Ratcliffe).

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 30 by Cyclops

£100 Winner KATHERINE CARR



ACROSS

7 Respond to Tatchell: ejaculate "Sod off!" (4,3)
8 Suggestive of kinky squire... (6)
9 ...fiery and passionate Conservative gets end away — free! (6)
10 Bosnia as far as the UN's concerned? Where an evacuation's out of the question! (2-2,4)
11 Top posers framed in the *Eye* (11)
12 Non-stop Baring reveals its rescuers (3)
15 President giving zero backing to Colonel North (7)
17 Where many Britons go to get away from the PM and very deficient cabinet (7)
18 No interest in raised legs, that Alex's lot (3)
19 Hack in whom our correspondents have a vested interest (6,5)
23 About luvvies: they generate a lot of heat and take ages to become innoxious! (8)
24 Got into the habit of screwing under one (6)
25 Lusted after sickly Heath? (6)
26 Kinky US art house no employment for an autocratic right-wing president (7)

DOWN

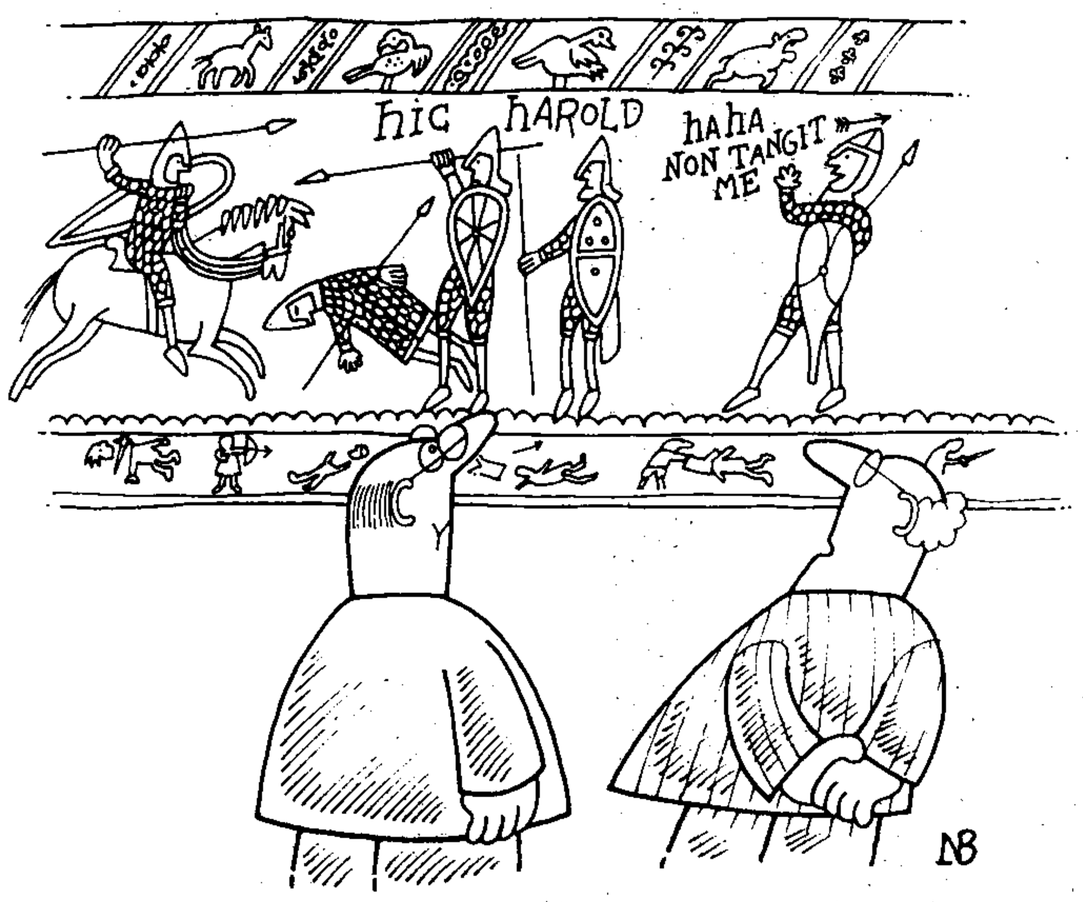
1 National get-together for a formal shag? (3,2,5)
2 To 'come out' with Croat's leader in new year would cause a crisis (9)
3 Johnny, the police chief (masculine not neuter) (6)
4 How Stephen came to be dispatched on a trip (6)
5 Conservative small talk brings tears to the eyes (2,3)
6 Doctor's up nursing sozzled Anne in Malaysia (6)
8 As sometimes sported by Brenda, when 'one gets in a booze up' (7)
13 It's prison general issue for the rogue dealer! (4,6)
14 House on look out for Britain's last defence against forces of fascism (4,5)
16 Familiarly dashing sportsman, but lacking ball control? (7)
18 Jack's unsightly protuberances getting erection (5)
20 Don't be tempted to be in opposition (6)
21 Peter, the self-confessed bugger who upset Maggie (6)
22 These people make Conservative piss artists extraneous! (5)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 23.06.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 29

ACROSS: 7 Ringleader 9 Illy 10 Hindi 11 (See 16) 12 Escapees 15 Sieve 16/1/11 Being economical with the truth 19 Mecca 21 Anarchic 23 Woolsack 25 Opiate 27 NEC 28 Hanky panky.

DOWN: 1 (See 16) 2 Agenda 3 Edit 4 Briefs 5 Disraeli 6 Glitterati 8 Evil eye 13 Sperm count 14 Skoda 17 Necklace 18 Oratory 20 Apathy 22 Climax 24 King 26 Taki.



"It's the revisionist version"

GLENDA SLAGG

The Girl With the Sack-Me Shoes!!?!

■ THREE cheers for England's Rugger Heroes!?! We may not be any good at anything else but when it comes to fifteen beefy blokes a-brawlin' and a-maulin' we can still hold our heads high!?!

And that Rob Andrew — isn't he just scrum-ptious!?!! Fancy a ruck sometime, Big Boy?!!

□ SO England's won a rugby match!? Who cares!!? Just because fifteen Beery Bores can batter their way to victory it doesn't impress this little girl no way! Go on, scrum!?!! (Geddit!?)

● *SO THE Powergen bosses have given themselves a fortune?!! So what?!*

Wouldn't you if you were in their shoes?! You bet you would!?! So shut up Mr Green-Eyed General Public!!?! Just because you haven't won the Lottery!?!?

■ NICHOLAS Scott!? What a fuss about nothing!?! Just because he ran over a toddler after he'd had a few?! Who hasn't?!! There's no reason to drive him out of office?!!?

□ NICHOLAS Scott!! What a swine!? Resign at once! That's Glenda's advice to this Pig of the Year!? You nearly murdered a cute little French baby in your debauched post-party fumblin' with your secretary!?!

You can't walk away from this one Nicky-Boy!?! Do the decent thing and string yourself up!?!

● *SEEN* Reservoir Dogs*?! Isn't it f***ing great!?*

○ HERE they are — Glenda's Midsummer Machos!?!

The Bishop of Bath and Wells — come and not live in sin with me Big Jim!! And bring your mitre!?

Julie Burchill — now she's a bloke I really fancy her!?! Mmmmmm!??!

Matthew Amroliwala — Mr BBC Bradford!! Crazy name, crazy guy.

Byeeeeeeee!?

ADVERTISEMENT

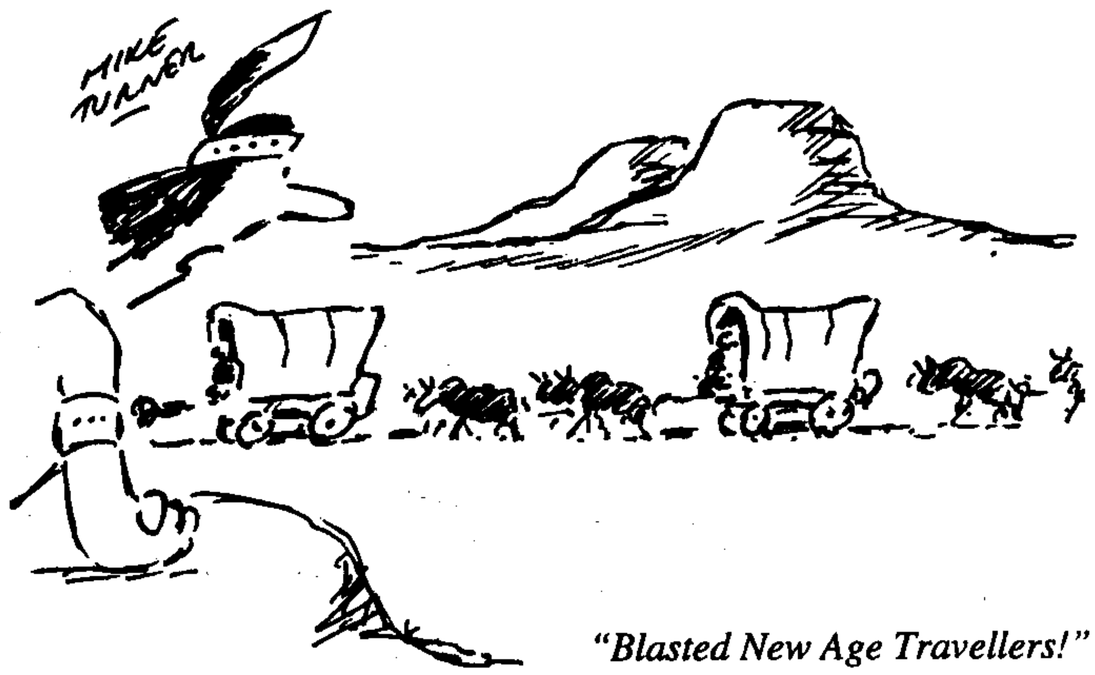
"Just put a few words down every day and you need have no worries in the eventide of your twilight years," *says Mrs T. of Chester Square.*

"Thanks to the **Murdoch Pension Plan**, we are now hugely rich for the rest of our lives. We've got plenty of money for those unexpected little troubles that life springs on old people in the eventide of their twilight years *(You've done this. Ed.)*

"Now, thanks to the tailor-made **'Dirty Digger' Scheme**, I have enough cash to buy a lot of drink to help me forget what a mess John Major is making of the country.

"I can even bail out my useless son Mark when he gets put in prison *(shurely 'divorced'? Ed).*

"Murdoch makes your dreams come true. But only if you've made his come true first."



"Blasted New Age Travellers!"

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

I have discovered why there is no feelgood factor. It is nothing to do with me, as everyone seems to think. It is because of something called "negative equity", which means that your house is worth less than when you bought it, but you are still having to pay out hundreds of pounds a month for it, which means that you do not feel good. Oh no. I also know exactly who is to blame for negative equity — i.e. Mrs Thatcher, for encouraging people to buy houses. "But surely," said my wife Norman, "you were in Mrs Thatcher's government?" This silly remark only went to show that she has no idea of how the political process really works.

Tuesday

It is quite unbelievable. Lord Justice Scott, who I appointed to find out who was to blame for the scandal over selling arms to Iraq, has apparently produced some kind of report listing the people who are to blame. How dare he, after all I have done for him, giving him a job and making him famous? No one would have heard of Lord Justice Scott if it wasn't for me. He is just like my brother Terry. Obviously Lord Scott has no idea how politics really works. Apparently he has criticised my friend Mr Waldegrave for telling lies to the House of Commons, which is not what I appointed him for. In fact, Mr Waldegrave was so upset that he immediately rang me up to ask me whether he had my full support. "Yes," I lied, showing that he is not the only one who can tell lies, just because he has been to Eton. I will decide whether to support him or not when I have read what the newspapers think I should do.

Wednesday

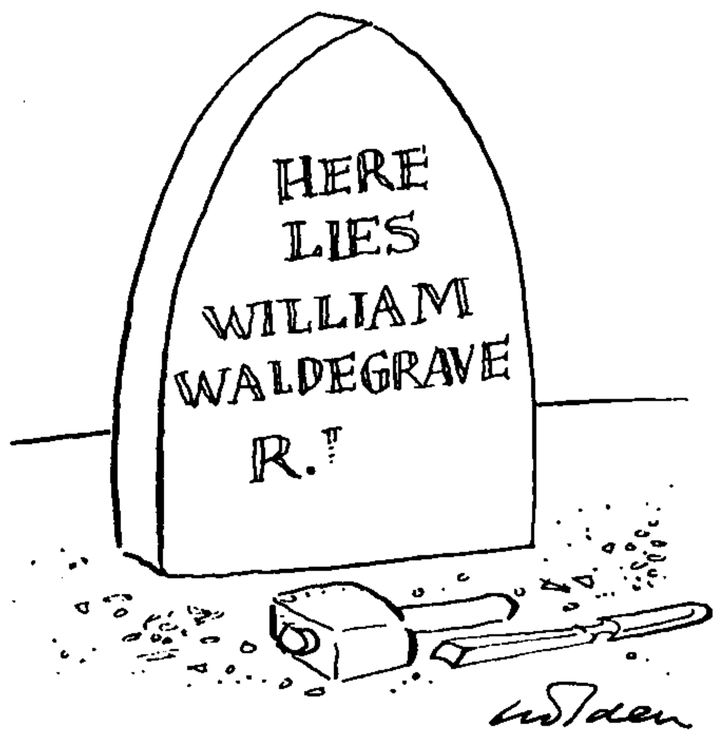
On further reading of the newspapers, I think I may after all have misjudged Lord Scott. From the bits of his report which I have seen in the *Daily Mail*, he apparently thinks that I was in no way to blame. This shows that after all he has a very sound grasp of the way politics works. I read out the relevant passage to Norman over our new Euro-regulation croissants (which are square). "I conclude that, as Foreign Secretary, Mr Major had no idea what was going on." "So what's new?" said Norman, for once taking a supportive line, which was extremely welcome.

Thursday

I was in no small measure very irritated indeed when my brother Terry rang up early in the morning to say that he was going to be on a very important TV programme about the week's news called "Have I Got News For You". "What are the big stories this week, John?" he asked. "I have been too busy being a celebrity to read the papers. Have you done anything I should know about?" "Yes," I said to him, wanting to show that I know just as many famous people as he does. "I have been to a party and met a very famous writer called Eve Pollard, who has been on TV even more times than you." "Oh," he laughed, "you didn't go to that, did you? We were all invited to that, but it was the same night as John Paul Getty's dance, which was *the* party of the year. Anyway, make sure you tune in tomorrow night at ten — I am thinking up some very funny jokes about you! I will not mention Mrs Kierans, I promise — oh no, as you would say, ha, ha, ha!" "I have better things to do than watch you on silly television shows," I told him in my "I've-got-a-country-to-run" voice. "Get real," he said and rang off.

Friday

I have to say that if there is one person in the world even more irritating than my brother Terry it is my ex-friend Mr Lamont. He has been on the *Today* programme saying that I should make my mind up about the Single Currency. This just goes to show that he doesn't know how politics works. I have said it before and I shall say it again. I have made up my mind about the Single Currency. I long ago decided that we would wait and see what happened. And then when the time comes, we may join, or we may not. There are even rumours that Mr Lamont wants to be prime minister, which is ridiculous. How could anyone who was a complete failure as Chancellor become prime minister?



Saturday

Today I got on a plane and flew to the heart of Europe where I met Mr Monsieur Chirac who has taken over from Mr Monsieur Mitterrrand as President of France. To my surprise I found that he is in full agreement with me about Europe. I think Britain should not join in the Common Currency and he thinks Britain should leave the EC entirely!

"We speak the same language," I said, "except you speak French and I speak English."

"Vous êtes un idiot," he replied, which Mr Hurd tells me is a rarely used term of respect between two great statesmen.

Sunday

Mr Portfolio has made a fool of himself by saying that he is against a single European currency. He told the reporters that all the talk of fast lanes, slow lanes and emergency flashing lights on the hard shoulder was "rubbish".

Obviously he has no grasp of politics because he does not know that it was me who invented these ideas!

In my view Mr Portfolio is only fit to sit in the Little Chef service station as we drive past hooting and jeering on our way to the slip-road which takes us onto the roundabout near the flyover leading to the middle lane to Europe with the contraflow system and the cones!

That is *my* vision. Oh yes!

Poetry Corner

In Memoriam
The Modern Review

So. Farewell
Then
The Modern
Review magazine.

You are no
Longer
Coming out.

Unlike your
Proprietor
Julie Burchill.

Now no one
Will be able
To read you.

Just like
Before.

(E.J. Thribbchill, 17½ stone)

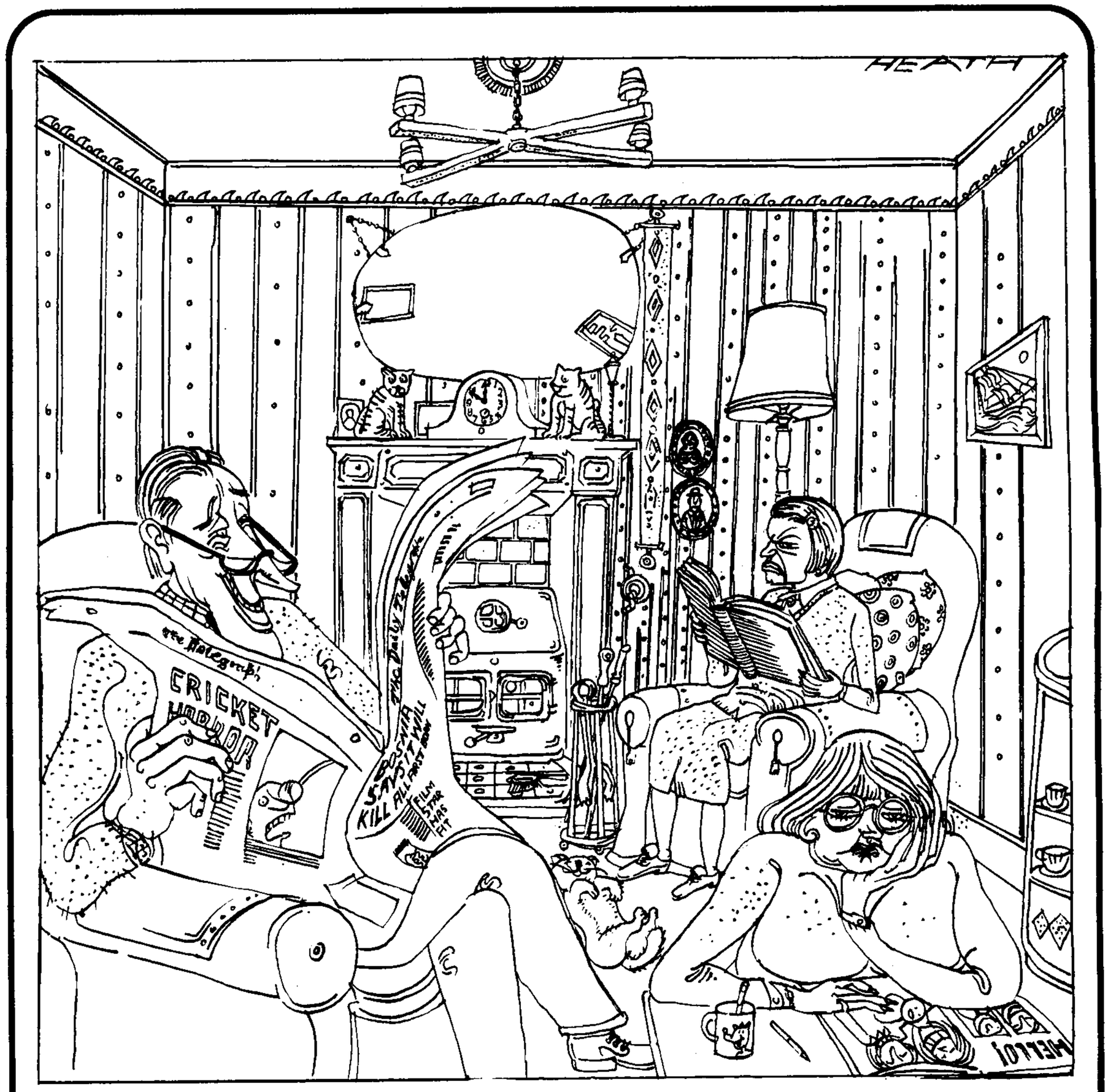
LUNAR DELTA

500/2, vgc, end shower, cooker, fridge, safe, alarm system, Isabella awning, £4,950 ono. — Tel. 01803

Torquay Herald Express

Have I got news for you male seeks woman into old postcards, English travel, old fashioned romance & seaside. St Albans.

Grauniad



Great Bores Of Today.

"... ha ha ha that's very good apparently er this chap held up a grocery store and they thought he had a gun but actually it was a sausage and the funny thing was the man's name was Mr Banger ha ha ha... listen to this an old lady of 95 was mugged in her own home oh dear oh dear what sort of society are we living in? this is interesting there's a new EC regulation that says you can't sell cheese in a tobacconist what will they think of next? I ask you... oh! they're doing a boules set for £53.45 with its own travelling bag do you remember that village we stopped off at in Provence where the old men were playing? what was it called? who is this Hurley girl whose picture is in every day? wasn't she in some film? there's a story here about a hen in China that has laid 8 million eggs I don't believe it they'll put anything in the papers nowadays... oh dear poor old Quentin Felchett has died only 72 you remember him? he was the vicar in what was it? the one with Alastair Sim... look Norman's niece Jenny and Mark have had a little girl called Tabitha will you send a card? I'm not disturbing you am I... ?"

Publishing Sensation!

Portrait Of Dorian Not Grey

by Oscar Wilde-Staring-Eyes

AN EXTRAORDINARY new book has been published today which reveals the amazing secret behind the public life of former Prime Minister Mrs Dorian Blue.

The story tells of a portrait of the young Prime Minister which she keeps hanging on her wall. As the years go by, the portrait mysteriously remains unchanged whilst the Prime Minister gets progressively older and madder, with her wicked life etched irrevocably into the lines of her face.

In the end, as her teeth decay and her eyes become like hard-boiled eggs *(That's enough of this. Ed.)*

Lives of the Saints No. 94

St William of Waldegrave

THERE was no more honourable saint in late 20th century England than the nobleman William of Waldegrave, who dedicated his life to serving John Major and other poor distressed lunatic folk of the time.

One day, aggrieved by his saintly conduct, a wicked judge blackened his good name, calling William a "deceiver" and a "hypocrite". At once a mighty crowd of loathsome hacks surrounded the innocent holy man and stoned him to death.

However, so saintly was he, that within a day he had miraculously risen from the dead and carried on as if nothing had happened.

© The Venerable Deede of the Daily Telegraph

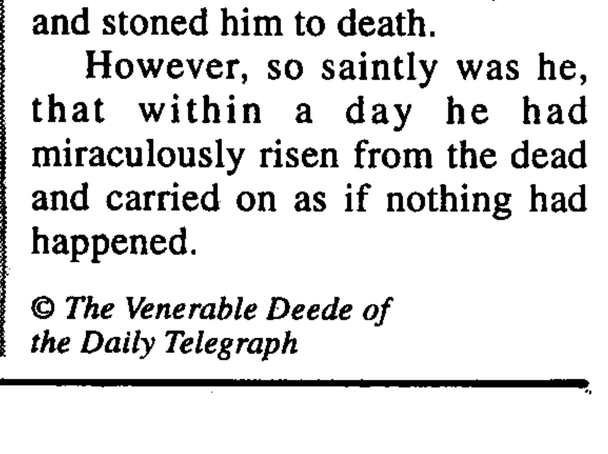
BRAIN TEASER No. 94

The Cretan Paradox

by Heraclitus

ALL politicians are liars, says Mr Waldegrave to the Foreign Affairs Select Committee. Lord Justice Scott then accuses Mr Waldegrave of telling a lie. Mr Waldegrave, who is a politician, replies that he is not a liar. How do we know if he is telling the truth?

Answers on a postcard to Brainteaser, c/o the Cones Charter Hotline, Open Government House, Whitelie-hall, London SW1. The sender of the first correct solution opened will receive a deluxe Supergun labelled "Trouser-press."



QUENTIN TARANTEATIME

Caroline Waldegrave's Recipe of the Day

Leaks

Ingredients

1 very large Leak
1 Scapegoat
3 Red Herrings
Massive Pinch of Salt
3 Buckets Cold Water
1 000 Gallons Whitewash

When Leak appears, immediately pour on cold water, throw in red herrings and as many pinches of salt as possible, smother in whitewash and then cover-up. The scapegoat will then survive for another day.

Taken from First Cook Your Books (Fibber & Fibber 1995)

Neil Hamilton MP cleared of sleaze allegations

There are no charges...

... and I go totally free.

It's just like the Ritz in Paris!

Peter McWaldegrave

(surely 'Lie'? Ed)

The World's Worst Columnist

WHY are all the papers devoting so much space to the silly feud between someone called Julie Burchill and a Mr Toby Young?

Outside the sleazy environs of the Groucho Club, I doubt if anyone has even heard of these scribblers.

Yet acres of newsprint are devoted to their squalid little row.

There is surely something very rotten in the state of journalism, when we are expected to take an interest in such trivial media gossip.

I AM fascinated by the row between Julie Burchill and Toby Young.

Their story has all the makings of one of the great literary feuds of all time.

Yet none of the newspapers seem to be interested.

Why are they so blind? In my view it would make a terrific film, starring Vanessa Redgrave as Mr Young and Robert Redford as Miss Burchill.

I even have a title for this epic — *The Trouser Press.*

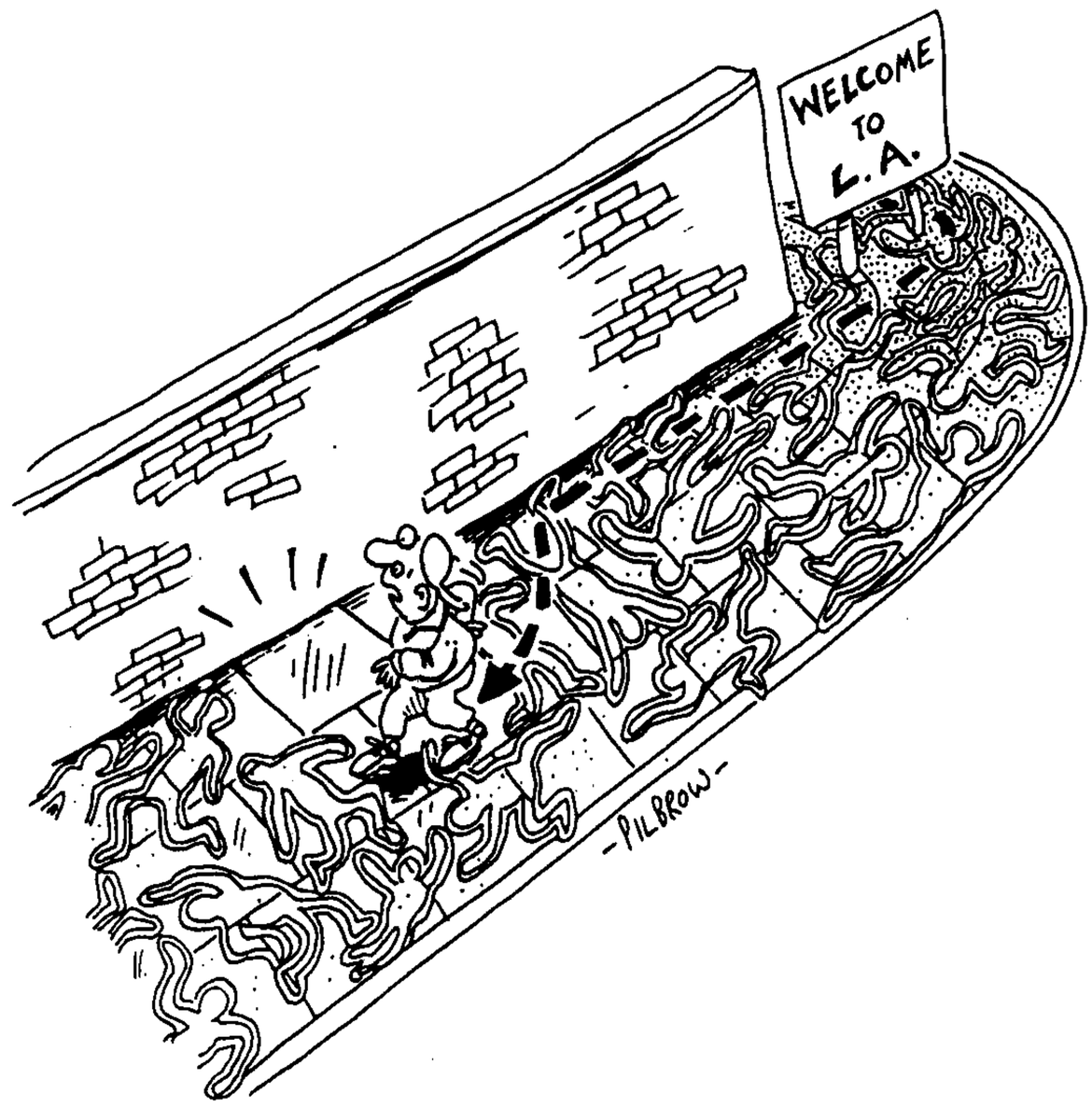
IF I read another word about this unedifying squabble between two of London's literary nonentities, Miss Julie Burchill and Mr Toby Young, I shall be sick.

Surely there are more important issues for us columnists to devote time and space to — such as the closure of the magazine The Modern Review?

ISN'T it extraordinary to note that Miss Julie Burchill accused her erstwhile lesbian colleague Toby Young of having had a hysterectomy?

No wonder Mr Young resigned from the Guardian, claiming that feminists like himself should be treated with respect.

Isn't literary life grandy and dandy? *(This is brilliant stuff — Stuart Steven, Ed.)*



ONLY IN THE EYE

THAT SCOTT INQUIRY IN FULL

Policeman: Excuse me, Mr Scott, would you like to blow into this bag? And who's that woman with you? Oi! Where do you think you're going? After him, Constable!

© Private Eye

A Doctor writes

AS a doctor, I am often asked "Doctor, it's the middle of the night, can you come out and see me?" The simple answer is "No. Not unless you give me more money."

© A. Doctor

UGANDAN evening — On Monday, June 5, the Mothers' Union Ripon Deanery is holding a Ugandan Evening at Markington Village Hall at 7.30pm.

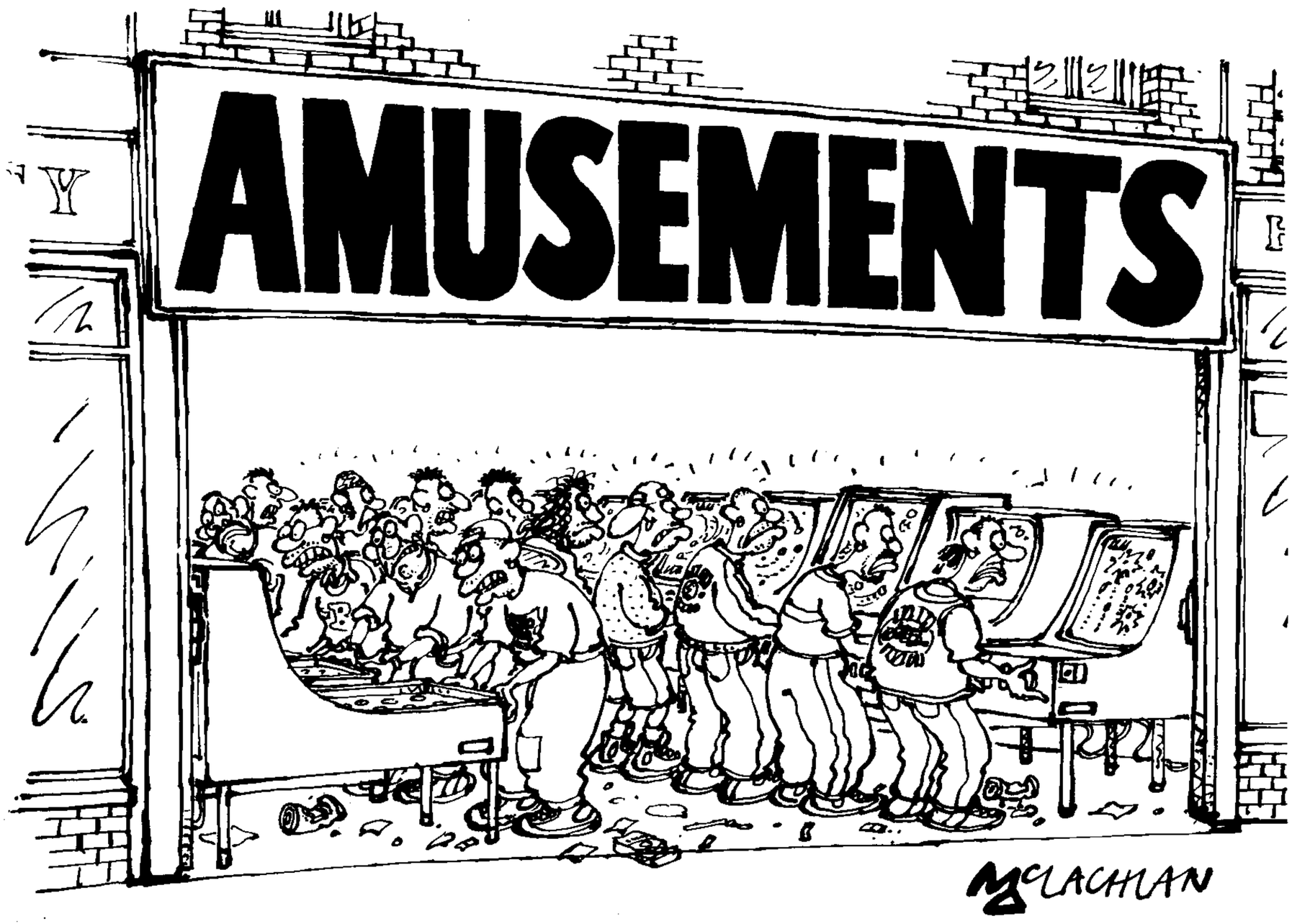
Ripon Gazette

Death Society open day

SUFFERERS of tinnitus and their families can find out more about the condition at an open day at the Deaf Society, 13 Smithfield Road, Aberdeen, today.

Press & Journal

INTERESTED IN DIRECT RESPONSE?
KEEN ON RESEARCH?
Top 10 agency needs
1-2 year old to work on direct response assignment. Analytical brain and good admin skills essential.
Send CV detailing relevant experience to:
Gilly Fieldsend
Leo Burnett Ltd
60 Sloane Avenue
London SW3 3XB



THE ALTERNATIVE VICE

This week: "Lift The Gay Ban Now" says **Cedric Spart**, Co-Chair of the Islington Rights For Gay Servicepersons Campaign.

The totally reactionary decision by Britain's top judges to maintain a ban on gay men and women in the armed forces once again highlights the rampant homophobia of Britain's ruling elite, at a time when all civilised countries, i.e. Holland, have welcomed the contribution made by gays at all levels of service life, which could well bring an end to the evil of armed conflict, given the well known fact that gay men and women are totally opposed to violence, except those who are into "S and M", which admittedly are only a small minority, not to mention the fact that all the great military commanders in history were well-known members of the gay community, i.e. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, General Patton, Lord Mountbatten, Tchaikovsky *(contd. p. 94)*

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94: The Sacrament of Holy Non-Matrimony

The President: Is everyone all right?

All: Yes, thanks, Kevin *(or it may be Simon, according to the name of the ordinand).*

President: Great. Well let's kick off with a piece of music.

A CD shall then be played, belonging to either the non-bride or the non-groom, signifying the coming together of their two record collections. It may be An Whiter Shade Of Pale by Procul Harum, or An Bridge Over Troubled Water by Simon and Garfunkel.

President: We are gathered here together to join these two, N and M (here he shall name the prospective partners) in the state of holy cohabitation, which is a state ordained by the Church of England Working Committee On Alternative Modes Of Relationship And Family Structure in order to show that the Church is caring, compassionate, non-judgemental and really attuned to the needs of a changing society.

All: Get on with it.

THE VOWS

President: Do you *(here he turns to the man)* take this woman *(or he may say 'man')* as your lawful wedded partner, to have it away with, for as long as ye both shall feel like it?

Both: We do.

President: If anyone knows of any reason why these two should not move into one or other of their two places and rent the other one out in case it doesn't work out, ye are to declare it.

Archbishop: It doesn't seem quite right to me.

All: Shut up.

President: OK, let's sing.

HYMN

"I'm Not Getting Married In The Morning", from 100 Secular Hymns For Today.

ADDRESS

President: Our Lord Himself never married and nor did his mother. I think this shows that "living in sin", as it used to be laughingly called, is a positive moral choice, which in a very real sense shows genuine commitment. Whereas marriage is merely giving in to social pressure in the most feeble-minded and bourgeois way.

All: Ooh-ah-Cantuar.

The couple will then give each other a ring on their mobiles to signify their state of temporary togetherness.

THE DISMISSAL

President: Well, that's about it then. That was all pretty pointless, wasn't it?

The congregation will then proceed to the nearest pub (or it may be the Pizza Hut) to the strains of Mendelssohn's Partnership March (or it may be Alan Clark's The Crumpet Voluntary).

© Carey and Sharey Productions 1995

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

A low budget film, shot in black and shite, **Clerks** is a sometimes savage and often hilarious portrait

Ipswich Film Theatre brochure

GRAPHIS TYPOGRAPHY 1

An international compilation of the best typographic design

256 Seiten

Over 720 full-color illustrations

Size 9,5 x 12 inches

Commentary by Dennis Ortiz-Lopez (USA)

All texts in Englisch

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN Telephone 0171-782 5000

That Scott Report

From Lord Howe

Sir, It is quite monstrous that a mere High Court judge should seek to make pronouncements on matters about which he knows nothing. Every sentence of Lord Justice Scott's alleged report shows how ill-advised it was to appoint an outsider to give judgment on the workings of Whitehall. How could such a man possibly understand the delicate workings of government which occasionally necessitate the witholding of certain information from parliament and the public in order to protect the jobs of millions of innocent civil servants, not to mention government ministers such as myself?

Yours faithfully,
LORD HOWEDARETHEY-ACCUSEME OF LYING,
House of Lords.

From Mr William Waldegrave

Sir, It is little short of disgraceful that the BBC should give publicity to what is only a very tentative and interim draft report by Lord Justice Scott. The learned judge was only putting forward an entirely personal view, when he wrote "having considered all the evidence and devoted five years to studying all the available documentation, there is no doubt in my mind at all that Mr Waldegrave is a barefaced liar who should resign at once".

Lord Justice Scott quite rightly submitted this provisional conclusion to the people who really knew the truth of this business, to give them the opportunity to set the record straight and wriggle out of it. It is perfectly possible that, when the final corrected report is published, it will read as follows: "In our considered view, Mr Waldegrave acted throughout as a man of unimpeachable honour as befits an Old Etonian with an agreeable wife."

Yours faithfully,
W. WALDEGRAVE,
Organo St Phosphorus,
Somerset.

From Lord Howe

Sir, It is little short of despicably monstrous that Lord Justice Scott, as a mere lawyer, should be permitted to cross-examine a senior minister of the crown such as myself. What is more, those of us who were summoned to his Star Chamber were not even allowed to be represented by lawyers who could be relied upon to lie on our behalf. We were therefore put in the very unfortunate position of having to tell our own lies, as we do in the House of Commons. Furthermore, it is nothing short of a national scandal that Lord Scott should thus have denied lucrative employment to a large number of lawyers simply in order to save the taxpayers money.

Yours faithfully,
LORD HOWEDARETHEY-ACCUSEME OF BEING BONKERS.
House of Lords.

From Mr Simon Jenkins

Sir, As a former editor of the *Times*, I regard it as nothing short of monstrously and despicably outrageous that my friend Mr William Waldegrave should be criticised in the Scott report. No more decent, honourable and hard-working a public figure has ever been my friend. What do my colleagues in the media think they are doing attacking members of the government? It would never have happened in my time.

Yours faithfully,
SIMON JENKINS,
Grand Millennium Committee.

From Sir Geoffrey Bufton-Smith

Sir, I am in a state of incandescent rage about something or other. What it is I cannot at this moment recall. Is it this chap Nolan? Or that train in Scotland that they want to close down? No, I remember now. It is this bounder Scott. Who does he think he is, suddenly coming out with a report accusing a Conservative government of lying? Obviously he is one of these BBC lefties such as John Humphrys and Marmaduke Hussey.

Yours faithfully,
SIR GEOFFREY BUFTON-SMITH,
House of Commons.

From Lord Howe

Sir, Since my last letter I have just thought of another brilliant excuse to let the government off the hook over the so-called "Arms to Iraq" scandal. At the time in question, whenever it was, the Foreign Office received a top secret intelligence report which revealed that the Iraqi Government had acquired from South Africa a herd of highly-trained killer "Super-Gnus" which they were planning to unleash in Trafalgar Square. The only way to stop them was to give Saddam Hussein a large supply of more conventional weapons, which would persuade him into a more peaceful stance. Such subtle matters of statecraft are clearly beyond the comprehension of some jumped-up jack-in-office like Scott, which is why we said nothing about it when he questioned us in the course of his kangaroo inquisition.

Yours faithfully,
LORD HOWEDARETHEY-ACCUSE ANYONE OF ANYTHING,
Barking.

From Mr Alan Clark

Sir, The suggestion by Justice Scott that I was in some way telling the truth during the hearings into my policy of selling arms to Iraq is quite outrageous. I resent any suggestion that I am some sort of creepy little goody-goody who goes round sneaking on the other chaps is jolly unfair. If the judge isn't careful, I'll sleep with his wife and daughters.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN CLARK,
Legover Castle, Kent.

From Sir Nicholas Lyar

Sir, I fail to understand how Lord Justice Scott appears to have let me off the hook, since I am as guilty as the next man (M. Heseltine), if not more so.

Yours faithfully,
SIR NICHOLAS LYAR,
Attorney-General,
House of Commons.

JUDGE DREDD
The Ultimate Lawman from the year 2000 A.D. (which is when his report is coming out).
AT THE END OF THE 20TH CENTURY, ONLY ONE MAN STOOD AGAINST THE CORRUPT POLITICO-DRONES: JUDGE SCOTT (SURELY DREDD.EDD?)
I AM THE LAW!
SCOTT
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE WERE DOING - WE WERE THE GOVERNMENT FOR GOD'S SAKE!
BUT THE JUSTICE MACHINE WAS MERCILESS....
KER-LEAK
THIS REPORT IS ALL LIES!
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
SCOTT REPORT
ER... BECAUSE WE TOLD THEM TO YOU
WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL, THE DRONES FOUGHT BACK
KER-SMEAR
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, SCOTT!
BECAUSE WE WILL!
MORAL: THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW HAS BEEN SOLD TO IRAQ

DIARY

EVE POLLARD

Men!! (1): Why do men always have to treat a successful career woman as a sex-object? Haven't they heard of Women's Lib, then? Really, they're so *neanderthal*! I mean, I've held down a lot of high prestige posts — editor of the *Sunday Mirror* and editor of the *Sunday People* and when I was editor of the *Sunday Express* the circulation leapt up by nearly a million — but still men treat me as though I'm just a blonde bimbo, a hugely attractive piece of twentysomething fluff who's completely irresistible and they can dream of taking to bed. I've seen it happen time and time again: a man sees me coming down the corridor wearing my famous stack heels, my world-famous cleavage walking gorgeously ahead of me, my face freshly painted with the very best of Dior's new Red Hot Executive range, and the man yells "Arrrhhhhhh!", breaks into a hot sweat and immediately turns on his heels and runs off, obviously to look for a suitable double bed on the premises. Typical! You just can't stop them, can you?! My message to mankind? Cool it, guys! I may look like your idea of a gorgeous sexy sugarbabe, but, hey guys, this babe means *business*!

Some of the publicity surrounding my latest blockbuster, *Trash*!, written with a little help from my friends Val and Joyce, has, I'm sorry to say, been motivated by envy. One woman journalist even had the bloody nerve to ask me if I was a bit of a "control freak". "You're not putting that in," I said. "And I want to see the entire transcript of this interview before it's printed, or I'm not sending you any photographs, got that? And you do realise I'm a personal friend of your editor?" That shut her up, I can tell you — and it all goes to show that we women — women in journalism — should stick up for the cause of truth and solidarity. Because if we don't, you can bet your bottom dollar the men certainly won't!

Men!! (2): Listen, men are the ones with the ferocious egos, they're the pompous, self-satisfied, aggressive, ambitious ones. Women just don't behave like men: we're supportive, we're loyal, we're not vicious, we look after one another, we know there are more important things than an endless round of self-glorification and power lunches. That was the message I always tried to push during my time as editor of the *Sunday Express* (when sales went up by well over a million).

"Okay," I used to say to one of my gofers at the morning editorial meeting. "Once you've got rid of that wretched secretary — I'll fire whoever bloody well gave her permission to go to the toilet whenever she damn well wanted — and circulated that memo reminding the staff about the forthcoming collection for my birthday, bless them, then I want you to get one of those overpaid bimbos on Features to round up twenty fabulous looking famous starlets to say why they think men are to blame for the way women are portrayed in newspapers — and I want that on my desk before my lunch with the Lloyd Webbers, Paul Daniels, Sir David Frost and the Prime Minister, right?" In other words, I struggled with every breath in my body to promote the cause of women in journalism, except the ones who were too bloody uppity and I had to get rid of.

Myself (with Val and Joyce) had a whale of a time writing our brilliant blockbusting bestseller. Basically, we can be totally honest with each other because our friendship is strong enough to take it. Some of our repartee is mind-blowing in its frankness and terrifically witty too — eat your heart out, Dotty Parker! Taste this for size:

Eve: Husbands! Who needs 'em?

Val: Speak for yourself, darling!

Joyce: Girls, girls, girls!

Val: More fizz, love?

Eve: Cor, the bottle's gone pop! The cork's come out!

Joyce: Bet you say that to all the men, har har!

Eve: My husband's a bit of a dish, actually.

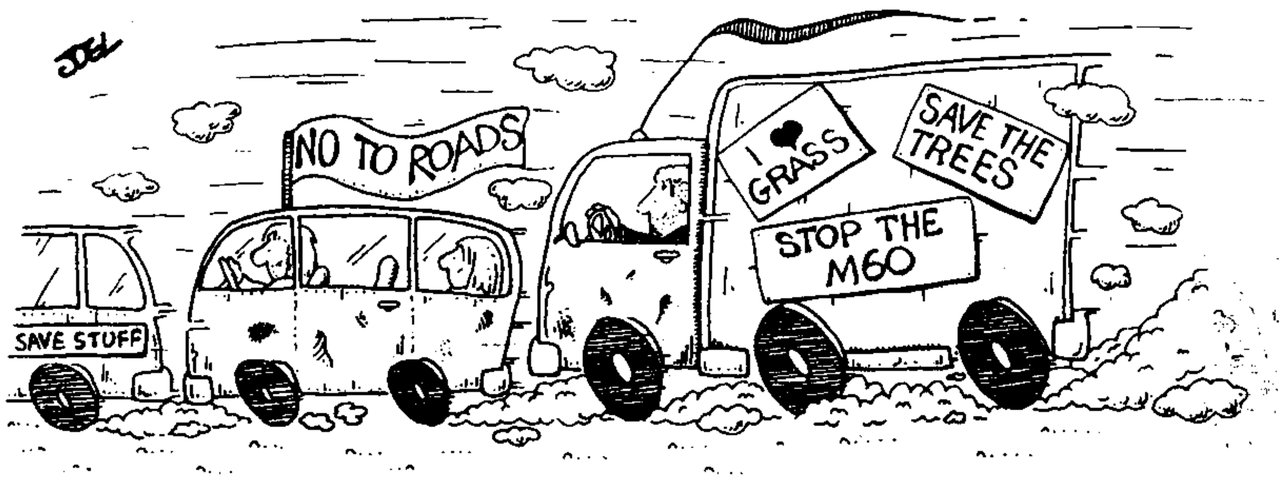
Val: Does he come with a knife and fork then, har har! Give us a bite, love!

Joyce: Girls! Girls! Girls!

It's this shared sense of humour and values that acts as the cement of our friendship: we're all completely equal, with no in-group competition. And that's why I'm so grateful to Val and Thingy for helping me with all the publicity I've done for the book — opening fan letters etc — and why I'm only too glad to acknowledge the way they chipped in so readily with the odd sentence here and there too. Cheers girls — and thanx!

Men!! (3): Have you ever noticed how men are little schoolboys and like to talk dirty to one another when the ladies aren't around? Have you? But we women aren't like that — no way. We are much more open and frank with one another — and, my god, we have some laughs! When women talk together, we are utterly uninhibited, and are happy to have full and frank discussions on sex, men and nudity, often in such loud voices that we're sometimes asked to "tone it down a bit" by restaurant managers! This isn't like men, who are so buttoned-up and emotionally immature that they wouldn't dream of talking to one another about anything as embarrassingly personal as s-e-x!!

My hubby Sir Nicholas Lloyd is as fiercely independent and brilliantly literate a journalist as what I am. In fact, he's so independent that he was knighted for it by our good friend John Major, who we both independently think is the best Prime Minister this country has had since the proverbial sliced toast. So why are the inevitable snipers so keen to make out that we gained our titles by somehow "fawning" to this Conservative government, which, incidentally, still has one helluva lot going for it? Over the years, both Sir Nicholas and myself have actively criticised the Conservative Party and even the Prime Minister. Just four years ago, as editor of the *Sunday Express* — the circulation of which I increased by over two million — I was bold enough to run the headline, ' "MAJOR MAY NOT BE PM IN FIFTEEN YEARS" CLAIMS SPITEFUL HOMO MARXIST', which certainly gave vent to the anti-Tory point of view. Again, as recently as three years ago, Sir Nicholas used an editorial in his *Daily Express* to roundly criticise the Government for "sometimes failing to get the message across to the more stupid members of the general public that their recent far-reaching and statesmanlike initiatives are what this great country of ours has been crying out for", though obviously he checked with Downing Street before running it. But then the Prime Minister knows the pressures on an important woman editor only too well. "A woman like you, Eve," he said to me, looking deep into my eyes, at his last exclusive party for myself and Sir Nicholas, "will always have her knockers."



WRITNG COURSES

Poetry Now

Continuous BBQ demos. Why not come along and try gas barbecuing yourself?

Ultragas Ltd (Norwich)

gather without the prior permission of the Proctors in a pubic thoroughfare within 300 metres of any place where such an examination is being, or has just been, held;

Behaviour after examinations: rules made by the proctors (Oxford)

Literary Review

Rugger Plugger

The Way to Win: Strategies for Success in Business and Sport
Will Carling & Robert Heller
(Little, Brown, £16.99)

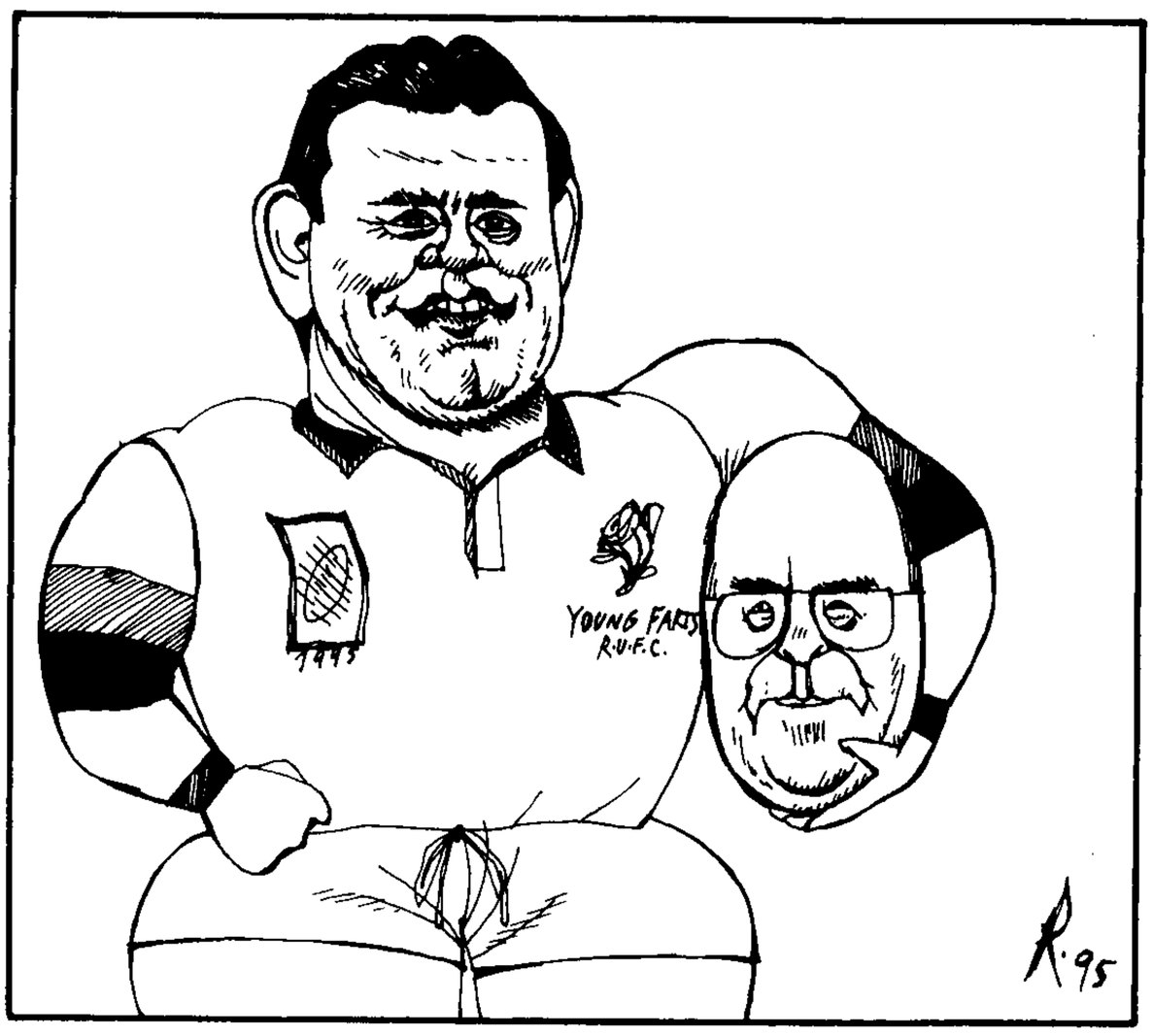
THERE is — a fact that management gurus and corporate philosophisers prefer to keep quiet — only one surefire way of becoming a success in business: find out what people want to buy and make them pay a proper price for it. However, this clearly won't do.

For one thing, it would put the likes of Robert Heller (author of *The Pocket Manager, The Supermanagers, The Supermarketers* and countless other identikit volumes) out of a job. For another it would detach the ornaments of our boardrooms from one of their most settled habits — the chance to read self-congratulatory bollocks about their profession.

There is no one so credulous or impressionable as the average businessman — not the most wide-eyed habitué of a fortunetelling booth or crazed tea-leaf scrutineer. In fact, the susceptibility of the average corporate mogul to tripe about one-minute managers and seizing the strategy initiative might be compared to the Victorian weakness for crook evangelists.

Robert Heller and Mr Chadband are brother in arms, if they did but know it. In each case, too, the explanation for their popularity is the same: fear. The defining element of the international business climate at the moment is that nobody has a clue what's happening. Boom or bust, rise or fall, such is the complexity of the global mega-market that we can only wait for the dust to settle. None of which stops everyone from pretending that business forecasting is an exact science, and the American business labs are full of deedy pseudo-academics manipulating data in pursuit of shiny, catch-all theories, while a FTSE top 1000 company is as likely to lack a "corporate vision statement" (what used to be called "planning", darlings) as a centre court debenture.

In this atmosphere of confusion, greed and mutual back-slapping — and if there's one thing a businessperson likes to read about it's successful businesspeople — *The Way to Win* is a highly typical production. It has the bogus philosophising; it has the commonsense dressed up as theory, the buzz-words (*driver, impact* used as a verb, *synergy, empowerment*); above all, it has the gimmick, which is to adduce an hilarious connection between business and sport.



Daley Thompson and Paul Girolami, Sir John Harvey-Jones and Gary Lineker. One might make record profits, the other might have a dynamic bodyswerve, but the principles — ah — similar, and, blow me, didn't Will used to work for an oil company before he hit the rugby big-time?

Oh dear me. Actually the strain doesn't show until the first chapter. The intro is sound enough — all those resonant abstract nouns that books of this kind love: *vision, self-belief, results focus, courage, integrity*. That's your desideratum, boys, and to put them into effect you need, um, *team-work, visibility, communication, attention and commitment*. All rather like saying that for a picnic one needs a sunny day, a beauty spot, a car and a hamper — but business books don't like to leave anything to chance. By chapter one, though, where brawny Will starts to do his stuff, a faint tendency to repetition is firmly in place. "To achieve anything, you must have a direction, a purpose, an aim", page 13 begins. "To have a vision in sport is crucial," it chunters on. "Looking through the remarkable achievements of the personalities featured in this book, it's immediately obvious that they were driven by their vision, their ultimate goal." The vision espoused by Tracy Edwards was to be "leader of the first all-female crew in the Whitbread Round the World Yacht Race, and to win...", the process of winning being helpfully defined as "that ultimate moment of crossing the finishing line in first place". A bit later we get to Jonah Barrington, who wants to be "the best squash player in the world, the world champion, number one".

Well, it fills up space and presumably kept the kind people at Little, Brown happy. Almost as droll are the stern headings — "Ambition is doing the right things better", "Profit is a result rather than a goal", "Products don't sell themselves". And on the whole, as Nigel Molesworth observes somewhere, mumps are probably better than measles.

Shelf-loads of management "philosophers" coin grave epigrams such as "The best way to predict the future is to invent it", while Heller and Carling chip in with lapidary assertions like "It is the *combination* of ability and determination that creates unbeatable, self-belief." It is? Excuse me a second while I go and write that one down. Despite the suspicion that more hard information is probably contained in a collection of cracker mottoes, one looks forward to further experiments in what will doubtless become a fashionable genre: Richard Branson and Nigel Mansell on *Driving your Way to the Top*, perhaps, or Lord Hanson and Geoff Capes's *Give your Business a Lift*.

Books & Bookmen

☐ WHO would have thought shedding tears for W.H. Smug would be in order?

Could it be that Smug's recent financial results are as alarming as they are because, contrary to what Sir Malcolm Field and the top management seem to believe, the group scorns books other than the bland 10 or 12 bestsellers of the moment? Waterstone's, the WHS subsidiary which stocks proper books in some quantity, is doing fine while Smug is floundering.

At a recent meeting of the Romantic Novelists' Association a top Smug book buyer lectured the RNA on how these days WHS in Swindon dictates to publishers on covers, the marketing and even editorial content of books. The smugness implicit in all this, that both publishers and the general public are complete idiots, is remarkable. When did you last speak to an assistant in any WHS branch who knew what you were asking for?

One would have thought that even Smug would have realised how drab its shops are, outside and inside. A WHS executive, quoted in the current *Publishing News*, on ASDA and other supermarkets' successful promotion and selling on John le Carré's discounted *Our Game*: "...research shows that many people find supermarket shopping 'boring'. 'They're just sticking books in to try and liven it up', was one comment. 'At least they look better than dead fish'" Unlike at WHS.

'Bookworm'

REMAINDERS OF THE DAY

The Book: Swan by Naomi Campbell.

The Hype: Britain's biggest supermodel writes (?) a story about the superbitches of the catwalk, worth every penny of her reported £100,000 advance...

The Price: Originally priced at £12.95 by Reed — now available at Galloway and Porter in Cambridge in hardback for just £1.

footnotes

DOCTOR ON CALL

TO HELP him in his bid to save £2 billion a year by slashing the benefits of disabled people, Peter Lilley, social services secretary, has hired the vice-president of a big multinational private insurance company which is using the benefit cuts to boost its sales.

Overcoming the xenophobia to which he so often gives voice at Tory party conferences, Mr Lilley has appointed an American.

Founded in Portland, Maine, in 1848, the Unum Corporation describes itself as "the world's leading light in disability insurance".

• Unum Ltd, its British arm, is based in Dorking, Surrey. It issued its annual report last September, when chairman Ward E. Graffam enthused about "exciting developments" in Britain.

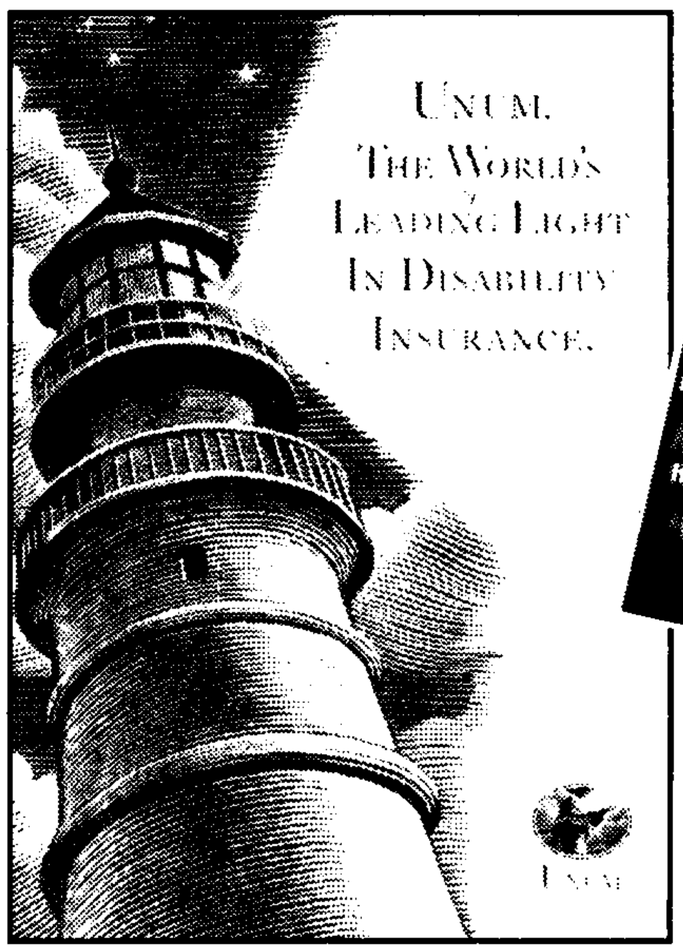
He explained: "The impending changes to the State ill-health benefits system heralded in the November 1993 Budget will create unique sales opportunities across the entire disability market and we will be launching a concerted effort to harness the potential in these." In January, the full extent of Lilley's plans to replace invalidity benefit with incapacity benefit revealed to the Commons. Estimated "savings" for the year 1995-96 were £410 million; for 1996-97 £1.2 billion; and for 1997-98 an astonishing £1.7 billion.

Obviously, with so much less government money going to sick and disabled people, the opportunities for private disability insurance were enormous. No longer could people rely on benefit income if they became ill or disabled. They would have to fend for themselves. Accordingly, UNUM Ltd, as its chairman had promised, "launched a concerted effort to harness the potential". In April this year, a glamorous and expensive advertising campaign coincided with the new rules for incapacity benefit.

One UNUM ad warned: "April 13, unlucky for some. Because tomorrow the new rules on state incapacity benefit announced in the 1993 autumn budget come into effect. Which means that if you fall ill and have to rely on state incapacity benefit, you could be in serious trouble". Lurid tables estimating weekly outgoings for an average family at £276, and benefit under the new rules at £100, urged people to "protect yourself with a Long Term Disability policy from UNUM".

CHAIRMAN: Graffam

SECRETARY: Lilley



Crucial to the new rules were tougher medical tests to find out if people really are incapacitated. The Benefits Agency Medical Services (BAMS) recruited a new corps of doctors to carry out new "all-work tests". The basic change in the tests was simple. In the past, disabled or sick people were entitled to benefit if they could no longer do their job. From now on, people are entitled to benefit only if they can do no work at all.

The new medical tests were fundamental to the "savings" Lilley hoped for. If the tests were too lax — if doctors were allowed to slide into sentimental slackness in assessing peoples' ability to do any work at all — the whole purpose of the tests would be thwarted. So Lilley's department set up an "incapacity benefit medical valuation group" to "monitor and validate the quality standards for the doctors involved in the all-work assessments".

The most famous member of the group is Dr John Le Cascio, second vice-president of the Unum Corporation, who has recently been seconded to the company's British arm. Dr Le Cascio was also invited last year by Lilley's department to help in the extensive training of doctors in the new techniques of testing. The DSS stresses that "the doctors don't decide the incapacity benefit — that is done by an adjudication officer". No doubt; but the officer makes a decision on the expert medical information provided by the tests.

No press release was issued about Dr Le Cascio's appointment. No one told taxpayers that the DSS is shelling out £40,000 to Unum Ltd for Dr Le Cascio's services in the year from October 1994 to September this year. A DSS spokeswoman explained: "This comes down basically to a daily rate of £440 a day. That's cheap for a consultancy, actually."

The *Eye* asked Dr Le Cascio if he agreed there was an absolutely obvious conflict of interest in his position as validator and monitor of tests for a benefit, the cutting of which was being exploited to the full by the advertisements for his company. He replied:

"Well, I don't feel that way of course, and if I did I wouldn't have accepted the job. I was brought in for a specific reason, and that is to teach some of the medical principles which are contained in the design of the new test — that's what I do, that's my area of expertise. I'm a technical person and I can do that. To me, there is no sort of conflict as long as I do that job. I feel comfortable doing it, and I assume that those in the department feel comfortable with my contribution. The reason they've turned to me is because the commercial insurers have been working with this sort of valuation system for a long time and that's where the knowledge lies."

For Richards or poorer

■ **WHEN civil servants in Wales heard that a survey on English rural life was being carried out by a team headed by Professor Paul Cloke of University College, Lampeter, Wales, they decided to ask the professor if he would do a similar job for rural Wales.**

The professor obliged. He and his team sent out 1,000 questionnaires with exactly the same questions they had sent to 3,000 people in England. The answers were analyzed and the report compiled in exactly the same way. The three sponsoring bodies — the Welsh office, the Welsh Development Agency and the Development Board for Rural Wales — worked closely with Cloke's team, and when the report was produced last year the Welsh office indicated that it would soon be published by the government, as the English report had been.

They reckoned without Rod "The Rod" Richards MP, the eccentric junior Welsh minister who learned his politics in the intelligence services. Richards was outraged when he read the report's very mild conclusion that 30 per cent of the people of rural Wales are living in poverty.

The report wasn't published and the Welsh office politely says: "We weren't happy with the research." Officials there are embarrassed by the truth — that Rod Richards regarded the whole exercise as communist propaganda.

PERKS and PIRC

STUNNED by the secret block vote of pension funds and insurance companies in favour of the fat cats at British Gas, the *Eye* set out to find out how the individual funds cast their votes.

The best starting place was obviously Peter Sylvester, fund manager at Friends Provident Life, which boasts "ethical funds" — where people can put their money without fear of boosting anything nasty.

Sylvester revealed the surprising news that the "ethical funds" of Friends Provident Life don't have any shares in British Gas. "We are unhappy about the way the thing is being managed and the way their communications have been going," he says, "and we've been standing away from British Gas for some time."

Sylvester did admit, however, that Friends Provident Life has a lot of money in "ordinary" (ie not "ethical") funds, which do have shares in British Gas. These votes, he discloses, were cast in favour of Cedric Brown and his fellow guzzlers. "We voted in line with the recommendation of the Association of British Insurers," he explained.

Others were less forthcoming. The *Eye* asked Barry Southcott, fund manager of the enormous mineworkers' pension scheme (CIN), how its votes were cast in the great gas debate. He refused to reply. Any miners in the pension scheme who feel strongly about British Gas's greed might like to ask Mr Southcott how he voted in their name — and pass the result on to the *Eye*.

BACKED BY FUNDS: Cedric the pig

The same goes for anyone with a policy with BZW, which runs funds, for instance, provided by all the people who work for Barclays Bank. BZW told the *Eye* it has about 1 per cent of British Gas shares, but refused to say how the votes were cast on the executive pay issue.

The *Eye* hoped for better things from BP, whose chief executive is a member of the Greenbury Committee which is soon to publish its plans for "reforms" of top people's pay. How did BP's vast pension fund vote at the British Gas AGM? A top spokeswoman for BP told the Eye: "I passed your question on to the fund, but they decline to answer it."

Fund managers who have grown secretive and arrogant with so much power and so little responsibility have been greatly distressed by the unusually rowdy scenes at the British Gas AGM. They are directing most of their venom at PIRC, a pensions and investment watchdog organisation which was started by a few council pension funds several years ago but now wields considerable influence. The fact that 16 per cent of the institutions' votes went *against* the British Gas board was mainly down to PIRC.

The rage of the City against PIRC has burst out into the pages of the *Sunday Telegraph*, whose City correspondent John Jay has managed to write three rather ill-informed anti-PIRC articles in succession. No one is more qualified to lecture his readers on the reliability of pension funds than John Jay. In the late 1980s and early 1990s he led the whole host of City correspondents in his unstinting praise bordering on hero-worship for the Greatest Pension Wizard of all time: Robert Maxwell.

The Taming of the Skuse

■ NEIL HAMILTON MP has been exculpated by the handful of Tory MPs who still sit on the Commons members' interests committee for failing to declare a free week at the Paris Ritz. But there's another question for the harassed rump of the committee: should MPs declare help from millionaires for libel cases?

In his brilliant autobiography, the celebrated libel lawyer Peter Carter-Ruck reveals that when Neil Hamilton sued the BBC for libel in 1985 for daring to suggest that he was an extremist, the case could not have gone ahead if the millionaire James Goldsmith had not guaranteed the MP's costs.

In a debate not much later, Hamilton heaped lavish praise on Sir James Goldsmith, without mentioning the libel case.

Another beneficiary of Goldsmith's generosity was Frank Skuse, the former home office forensic scientist whose evidence helped to convict the Birmingham Six. He sued Granada over their programme *Who Bombed Birmingham?*, and the Goldsmith libel fund agreed to help him and pay the costs of his solicitor, one P. Carter-Ruck.

SUE NOW, PAY LATER: Frank Skuse

In October 1989, however, Granada demanded an assurance from Goldsmith that he would pay Granada's costs if Skuse lost his case. Goldsmith promptly withdrew, and Skuse was left to fight on his own.

Somehow, in the years from 1989 to 1994, Skuse, who is retired on a reduced pension, managed to pay Carter-Ruck £156,852.92. The case came to court last October. After three days, Skuse's case collapsed. Now Carter-Ruck is suing Skuse for the balance of its costs: another £131,625.32. A writ demanding that sum has just been issued, together with a threat that if it is not paid Carter-Ruck and Co will seize any properties owned by Skuse (apart from the Wigan house he lives in). The bill goes up every day by £28 interest.

The writ has caused surprise at Granada where journalists and lawyers imagined that Carter-Ruck was acting for Skuse "*pro bono publico*" (for the good of the public).

KILROY WAS THERE

"YES, the Labour party is a class party. God help us when it ceases to be so. It is a class party because it was formed by and for the working class to protect and advance its interests... and, yes, it is a class party because it attacks, and rightly, those elements of class discrimination and privilege that are still so rampant today and which disfigure our society."

Robert Kilroy-Silk, The Times, *15 December 1976.*

WILLIE LIAR

■ "HONEST Will" Waldegrave impressed all the delegates at the international conference on proliferation of nuclear weapons in Geneva, which he addressed as minister of state at the foreign office early in 1989. In his disarmingly modest way, Waldegrave boasted that British controls of nuclear weaponry were "the most effective in the world".

A week or two later, in February 1989, Honest Will had an opportunity to practise what he'd preached. He was sent a document from foreign office official Stephen Lillie, who raised the proposed export to Iraq by Matrix Churchill, a Coventry firm owned by the Iraqi government, of

sophisticated machine tools.

Lillie wrote: "The key consideration is whether this equipment would contribute to Iraq's nuclear programme." In spite of much evidence that the tools could be used for that purpose, Lillie recommended they should be exported anyway. Honest Will agreed.

Accordingly, his private secretary wrote to the office of foreign secretary Geoffrey Howe. "You may wish to show the secretary of state the attached papers concerning a potentially politically sensitive export to Iraq. The machinery in question has legitimate civil uses, but could also be employed in munitions manufacture or even uranium enrichment. Mr Waldegrave's inclination is to support Mr Lillie's recommendation that the applications be approved. He has commented that screwdrivers are also required to make hydrogen bombs."

Naturally, the foreign secretary agreed and the deadly tools went to Saddam Hussein.

PIGS CAN'T FLY (not with Halon at any rate)

■ THE lethal properties of Halon, the fire-extinguishing agent used in the Channel tunnel (see *Eyes 854,856,862,863*) were exposed recently on a South African Airways flight from Heathrow.

Unknown to the 300 people in the cabin, the hold was packed with 72 pigs. Several hours out, the pilot noticed to his terror that the fire extinguisher had come on in the hold. He turned desperately back to Heathrow, where the hold was opened. Horror and mayhem! The pigs had been packed so tightly that they couldn't stop farting. The terrific flatulence set off the fire extinguisher. The Halon killed 15 of the pigs and reduced the others to such a state they were considered unfit to fly again.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

PRIVATISATION ROUND-UP

ENERGY

THE stock exchange complaint about government interference in the sale of electricity shares is pretty rich.

The government has done nothing but interfere in fixing an artificial price for the shares — but until now it has always acted to put money in the pockets of the speculators, from the time the bazaar was opened in 1989 and nuclear power stations were removed because they would depress the price.

This time those looking for a quick buck at taxpayers' expense had their fingers burned accidentally by Professor Stephen Littlechild, the electricity regulator. He announced in March that he was looking again at the huge profits being made by the distributors, the regional electricity companies (RECs), just when the government had put up for sale £4 billion worth of shares in the generating companies. As a result, the share price plunged.

Littlechild has always been heavily biased towards shareholders. As we said in the *Eye* on 7 April, he thought everyone in the City would have understood that his decision to attack the profits of the distributors, the RECs, signalled that he was going to do *nothing* about the generators and the sale would go ahead without difficulty. Now, inside the privatised madhouse, he had better plead guilty but sane.

TELECOM

"M. here. Tell 0107 I want to see him"

NOT content with raking in huge profits as a privatised company, British Telecom seems to be trying to relive its days as a monopoly. Some customers buying non-BT answering machines have found an irritating recorded message on their tapes. After a caller has left a message a BT recorded voice comes on, repeatedly and monotonously advising that the "other party has cleared the line" until the tape is completely used up.

One customer phoned BT Customer Services to ask them to stop this happening. BT's first question to the annoyed customer was, what sort of machine did he own? When he said it was not a BT model she said they could do nothing about the message and suggested he bought a BT machine which would be guaranteed to work correctly.

The customer eventually found that by going directly to BT engineers — and not admitting he had a non-BT machine — he could stop the unwanted message jamming up his answering machine.

WATER

IT'S tough at the top of a water company — especially if you are William Courtney, chairman of Southern Water, and all you hear are gripes about you salary, your £250,000 share options (cashed) and the increasing cost of water in your area.

The public probably doesn't realise how hard Mr Courtney works. In his capacity as director of Waterline Insurance, for example, a major subsidiary of Southern Water, he recently had to attend a long conference. As did his long-suffering wife Margaret; his diligent finance director at Southern Water, Ray King; and Ray's long-suffering wife Sandra.

The relevance of the conference — on "international risk management" — may not be immediately obvious to Southern Water consumers, who will ultimately foot the bill; but the surroundings *were* relevant. Hard-working Mr Courtney and Mr King and their spouses attended the five-day conference at the luxury Marriott's Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda — and as everyone knows Bermuda is surrounded by, er, water.

● OFWAT, the water regulator, likes to boast of its own successes, but the residents of Clyst St George in Devon are not convinced. Their case has been sitting in OFWAT's tray for three years.

Their argument began when the National Rivers Authority ordered a clean-up of local ditches which acted as open sewers for septic tanks. The bill for householders could have run into the thousands. When the case finally ended up in court it was ruled that the responsibility fell on South West Water to bring the ditches up to modern hygiene standards.

South West Water had better things to spend the money on — like share options worth £144,950 for its managing director. The consumers turned to the apparently powerful watchdog OFWAT to force South West Water to take action. Finally, after no encouragement from OFWAT, the company is now thinking of installing the new sewerage system. But it still refuses to foot the bill and has approached the residents for a financial contribution towards the clean-up.

● THE European Union, meanwhile, is investigating why Yorkshire Water, which is now trying to buy up its own shares, was once given £23 million of regional aid to fatten it up for privatisation when the sold-off company now makes profits of more than £140 million a year.

The money, from a fund earmarked for regenerating regional economies in the EU, was spent on improvements to three sewage works — improvements that had to be carried out in any event. When the EU bureaucrats sent the cheque, perhaps they forgot to point out that regenerating local economies does not mean boosting shareholders' dividends and executive salaries.

SIGNAL FAILURES

***INTERCITY* magazine, given free to first-class rail travellers, is doing its bit for the road lobby: a recent issue carried a three-page article gushing with enthusiasm for factory shopping centres where branded goods are available at bargain prices.**

None of the current or imminent centres is rail-served, but the article enthuses over "good access from motorways" and "ample parking provision".

It adds that "a sizeable minority of the population will be prepared to drive for over an hour to buy at factory prices" and notes that 5.9 million people live within an hour's drive of the Bicester centre, many of whom will visit the centre three or four times a year (by car, of course). The words "train" and "rail" don't get a look in.

These massive developments are in flagrant contravention of the government's PPG13 guidelines which presume against car-based out-of-town shopping in an attempt to keep at least some people on public transport — including InterCity trains. *InterCity* magazine, however, ignores the huge rises in traffic these developments are inducing and imagines that the change in government policy is nothing to do with transport problems but is purely to protect existing town centres.

PASSENGERS turning up for Thameslink's new four-an-hour service to Brighton might be interested to know what "technical difficulties" are causing half the trains to be cancelled.

Gung-ho managers pencilled in the new services without ensuring they could be run, and for the first time the national rail timetable includes a significant number of services that don't exist. The managers want the trains to run without guards, but stations south of Three Bridges aren't equipped for driver-only operation.

Government funding for this important cross-London link is so meagre there are no spare guards to step into the breach and ensure the national timetable is honoured.

HOLDERS of expensive season tickets for commuting between East Croydon and London Bridge were taken aback in early June when they were warned that if they boarded certain near-empty trains for London Bridge they would be forced to pay the full single fare plus a £10 fine.

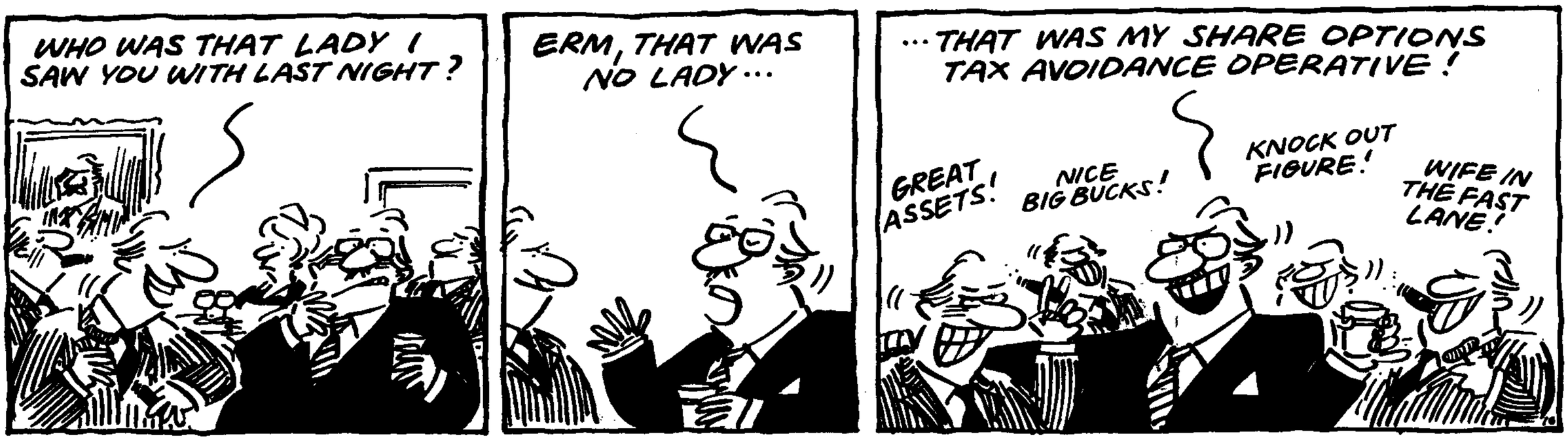
The explanation lies in the fragmentation of BR before privatisation. The near-empty trains were running a new South Eastern service from Tunbridge Wells, and South Eastern didn't want anything to do with the scummy passengers from Network South Central or Thameslink, even though South Central trains at that time in the morning can exceed the passenger's charter overcrowding limit of 110 percent of seating capacity.

South Eastern assured the *Eye* anyone possessing a valid ticket for South Central or Thameslink could use their trains from East Croydon, but admitted that perhaps that message had yet to reach station staff at East Croydon.

'Dr B.Ching'

THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE


WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?
ERM, THAT WAS NO LADY...
...THAT WAS MY SHARE OPTIONS TAX AVOIDANCE OPERATIVE!
GREAT ASSETS!
NICE BIG BUCKS!
KNOCK OUT FIGURE!
WIFE IN THE FAST LANE!

In the City

"MY DEALING book is open to anyone" is said to be the proud boast of *Daily Mail* deputy city editor and share tipster Michael Walters.

However, this openness does not extend to *Daily Mail* readers. For although Walters is an active personal investor with a penchant for small, speculative shares, no disclosure that he may be or have been an investor in the shares he tips appears in the *Mail*.

Yet such a warning might be considered appropriate given that on four recent occasions Walters has written about companies in which he was a shareholder or had a related indirect interest.

It is to avoid such potentially embarrassing conflicts of interest that newspapers have codes of practice which ban or restrict share dealing by financial journalists. This followed Seventies scandals involving the *Investors Chronicle* and the *News of the World*. Unfortunately such rules merely insist that journalists should disclose their dealings internally. Newspapers do not carry warnings that journalists may also be investors because the accepted rule is that financial journalists should not tip shares in which they have an interest.

In his recent highly appropriately titled book *How to make a killing in the Alternative Investment Market*, Walters admits to making "fairly large amounts from playing the market". "I often play in high risk, high return situations", he says. A policy that "has brought me some spectacular gains in the past".

The *Mail* tipster goes on to disclose that he has invested in several small companies dealt in under Stock Exchange Rule 4.2 — the poorly regulated market for highly speculative shares which is to be enlarged next week by the creation of the AIM. With obvious relish Walters writes: "Get in at the beginning and the balance between risk and reward is weighted most heavily in your favour. I should know, I have done it... I backed five companies which would qualify for the AIM. So far the tally is three cracking winners, one where I have scraped out just ahead and another where I have lost about a fifth of my investment." All this would be news to *Mail* readers.

In his book, published earlier this year, the gleeful tipster only identifies one investment — IES Group — and modestly declines to state just how much he made. But *Private Eye* can fill in the missing names and numbers which show that Walters' investments between December 1993 and September 1994 have so far netted the speculating scribe profits of more than £9,000 on an investment of not more than £11,500. Walters still has shares worth £19,000.

IES was floated on the Rule 535 market, the precursor of 4.2, in January last year at 110p. On February 19 — under the headline "Thrills and spills in tiddlers" — Walters extolled the virtues of investing in shares on the unlisted market. "Anyone who got shares in electronic alarms group IES in a small placing by broker SP Angel in January must also be pleased. The 65p partly-paid shares are currently 450p, though goodness knows what would happen to the price if there was much selling."

Walters went on to add: "All being well, it might be selling on eight times 1995 profits — if the company can make them."

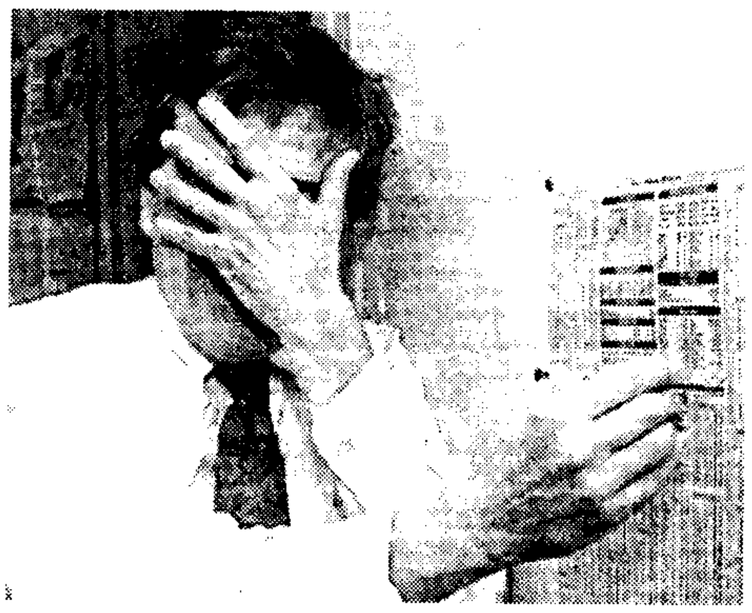
What the enthusiastic Walters did not write was that he was a client of SP Angel and had been one of those lucky ones who participated in the placing. For £1100 he was allotted 1000 shares and 200 warrants to buy further shares at up to 130p. Once the shares were fully paid there was a 1 for 1 scrip issue giving Walters 2,000 shares and 400 warrants.

On 3 December Walters returned to the subject of IES and the "dream factory" of the 4.2 market. "Others have had a smoother run... IES may be the most eye-catching... the shares have multiplied almost ten-fold." There was no mention that he was a shareholder.

By February this year IES had reached the equivalent of more than 900p. On 6 March the IES register records Walters sold the 400 highly valuable warrants. This could have yielded up to £1600 — more than his original investment. Today the remaining 2000 IES shares are worth £9,000.

Advanced Media Group was another Angel hot issue where Walters was on the insiders' placing list when it was floated on the 4.2 market last September at 110p. Walters was allotted 2500 shares for £2,750 plus 500 warrants at up to 120p.

Shares in the inter-active media group were over 200p by December and are now 400p. Alas, Walters seems to have missed most of the rise. The sale or transfer of his 2500 shares was registered on 29



Michael Walters: See no evil

November. During November the shares were between 150p and 180p, so a sale would have realised a profit of at least £1000. But Walters still holds 500 warrants currently worth £1000. Walters has not written about AMG.

In between these winners Angel dealt Walters a dog in Wedderburn Securities, created from the injection of property interests from David Abell's Suter Group into the "shell" Danbury. Walters participated in a May 1994 placing of new shares at 15p with warrants at from 15p to 20p. The shares crawled to 17.5p before heading south. They are now 6p.

Walters, however, avoided the fall. The Wedderburn share register shows the sale of his 25,000 shares on 24 June. This could have made a profit of at least £250 on a £3,750 investment. He still holds 5000 warrants currently worth £200.

Walters has not written about Wedderburn but the *Mail* did publish an unflattering item about the Danbury deal in April 1994. However, Walters has written fulsomely about Abell and Suter. On 9 May he wrote; "If you want higher risk and higher reward turn to David Abell's mini-conglomerate Suter... This is an old friend." Abell he described as "a highly sophisticated industrial manager". Four days later Walters appeared on the share register of Wedderburn — 26 per cent owned by Suter.

A share issue that Walters did write about was Multisofft — makers in China of all-cotton toilet rolls. The shares were floated in February last year at 16p by brokers Branston & Gothard. In the same 9 February article that boosted IES Walters wrote: "If you fancy a wild gamble — and it is wild, be warned — look at Multisofft."

Walters was already doing so. On 2 March the register records his allotment of 5,000 shares and 2,000 warrants to buy at 25p. "There are question marks galore," Walters warned while suggesting the shares could be cheap. Alas the warnings proved all too right. Multisofft has only ever reached 17p and the shares — Walters is still in — are now 8p resulting in a £400 loss on Walters' £800 investment.

But he can afford that little blip given the profits on IES, AMG and his other 4.2 winner Card Clear. This credit card fraud prevention outfit was promoted by another old friend of Walters — broker Robert Ellis. Originally a 1992 Business Expansion Scheme issue, Card Clear received fresh finance from a December 1993 issue. Walters is shown as being allotted 2,500 shares at the issue price of 125p. This is now 25,000 shares following a 10 for 1 share split. Subsequently there was a further issue last September at 36p — equivalent to 360p. On that list was Walters' wife, who was allotted 15,000 shares. Card Clear are now 34p. Not much of a result for his wife but a big winner for Walters whose shares are worth £8,500, a £5,000-plus profit.

No doubt Michael Walters disclosed his share dealings to the *Mail* management and unlike many others he openly declares his holdings on the company share registers.

However, many City observers will question whether it is appropriate for a senior financial journalist to deal in highly speculative shares, as distinct from blue chips, where newspaper comment can have an impact on the price; to benefit from the largesse of brokers' private placing lists; and, most of all, to write about companies in which he is a shareholder without any disclosure of that financial interest.

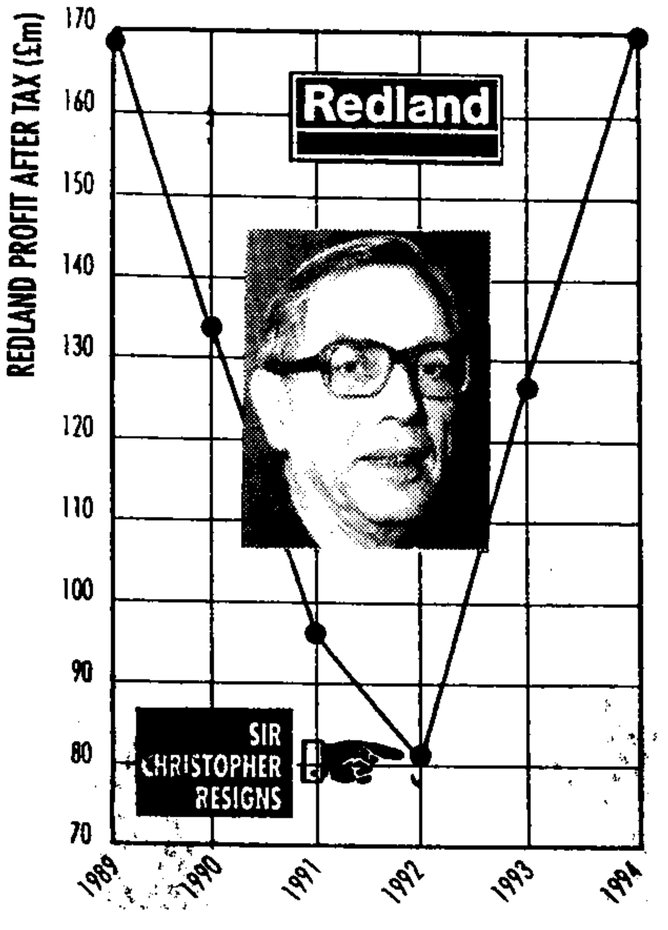
Almost 10 years ago the Gower Report, which lead to the Financial Services Act, called for financial journalists to be covered by the same regulations governing investment advisers. This was resisted by newspapers and rejected by the Government. The Press Council instead proposed a code which suggested journalists should not write about shares in which they had an interest and should not deal in shares they had recently written about.

But then as the blurb for Walters' newest book declares: "This man means to profit himself from the next stock market boom."

'Slicker'

British Management Part 19.
SIR CHRISTOPHER LAIDLAW, Former Deputy Chairman BP and Chairman ICL. Director Redland plc until 1992.

Redland profit after tax	
1989	£168.0m
1990	£133.9m
1991	£97.0m
1992	£82.5m
1993	£128.7m
1994	£170.4m



Advertisement

specialEYEs

clubs

FREDS

4 CARLISLE STREET LONDON W1V 5RG
TELEPHONE: 071-439 4284

NOW OPEN DAILY FOR LUNCH TO NON-MEMBERS
12.00PM TO 3PM MONDAY TO FRIDAY

THE CLUB IS ALSO AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE PARTIES
TEMPORARY AND ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS AVAILABLE

charity

eia
environmental investigation agency

"The Beat of a Different Drum"

an enthralling talk by

Ffyona Campbell

The first woman to walk around the world.

Over-Seas House, London
29th June, 7.00pm

To raise funds for the EIA's work saving endangered species

Tickets £15.00 (or £12.50 to Private Eye readers) Tel 0171 490 7040

THE INDEPENDENT

services

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH OR NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
01624 622660
Access - Visa - Mastercard

THE FUNNIEST WAY TO WIND UP A FRIEND!

Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction!!!

MR FURY
0336 426 381

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT
0336 426 382

YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0336 426 383

IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0336 426 384

LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ
0336 426 385

Jokelines, PO Box 43 Warminster Wilts BA12 7RJ
Calls cost 39p/min cheap 49p/min other times

travel

FRANCE

A superior choice of traditional French holiday properties.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01798) 869411
QUOTE REF: F374

Vacances en Campagne

ATOL 2433
AITO BOND 1010

fashion

NEW AND MADE TO ORDER CLOTHES

MORNING COATS £215
FULL BACKED
WAISTCOATS
Beige or grey £55
MORNING COAT
TROUSERS
Striped £60
Hounds Tooth £68
SUITS from £240
COVER COATS £195
TWEED JACKETS £165
DINNER JACKETS £250
LARGE SILK HATS AVAILABLE

BW

BERTIE WOOSTER

CITY SHOP OPENING 5TH OF JUNE
69 MOORGATE, LONDON EC2R 6BH TEL: 0171 638 9550 FAX: 0171 638 9551
CHELSEA SHOP, 284 FULHAM ROAD, LONDON SW10 9EW
TEL: 0171 352 5662 FAX: 0171 351 6785

messages

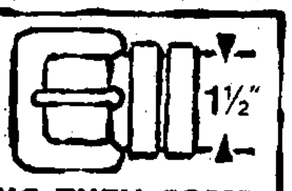
T-SHIRT
100% COTTON
'FRUIT OF THE LOOM'
SHIRTS
ONE SIZE (XL)
RED ON GREY
LIMITED EDITION
£9.99
PLUS £1 P+P

MAJOR LOSER

CHEQUES/PO's PAYABLE TO:- 'BCM PROMOTIONS'
ORDERS TO:- OFFER NO. 6, BCM-PROMOTIONS, LONDON, WCIN 3XX.
(TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME)

THE RIDDELL ROOM
opening at
Jack Duncan Cartoons & Books
on 27 June
with an exhibition of over 200 original drawings by top political cartoonist
Chris Riddell.
OPEN MON - FRI 10-6 SAT 10-5
44 Museum Street, London WC1A 1LY
0171 242 5335

TWFF BELTS



ARE SO STRONG THEY COME WITH A LIFETIME GUARANTEE

Solid brass buckle; plain leather; in black or dark brown.

£16·50 inc p&p. Cheques/POs to:
TWFF: PO Box 12, Fishguard, SA65 9YD
Please state waist size and colour.

music

THE BEST OF ARCHIVE RECORDING
Top of the Pops 1926-1936. 100 Hits.
Details from: OOMPAH TAPES,
19 Navena Avenue, Fleetwood FY7 8HD

immigration

IMMIGRATION
♦ Australia ♦ New Zealand ♦ Canada ♦

- **Would you like to live & work in these countries?**
- **Complete Package to prepare Visa Application correctly to ensure success. *Only £95***

Please send Cheque/Draft/P.O. today to:

Soanes & Associates
MIGRATION CONSULTANTS

24 Shore Road, Southampton. SO31 9FU
Tel: 01489 601457 Fax: 01489 600066
Money cheerfully refunded if not fully satisfied

Breathing Space.

(Don't take it for granted)

We don't. Help us keep Britain's breathing spaces open. Footpaths and coastline, high places, heaths and woodland. For walkers.

For 60 years, THE RAMBLERS' lobbying and vigilance have been achieving wide-ranging rights of access to some of our most beautiful countryside.

Take a walk. Take a breather; consider the future. Invest in THE RAMBLERS.

The Ramblers

60 years working for walkers

1-5 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 2XX. Regd. Charity No. 306089 P. E. 2

Join us.

Your subscription brings our essential outdoor information Yearbook, the quarterly colour magazine, and membership of one of 380 local groups.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Postcode _____ Date of birth _____

Tick box for membership type required

☐ Ordinary £16 ☐ Reduced* £8
☐ Family/joint £20 ☐ Joint reduced* £10
(for two adults at same address)
☐ Life membership £550 (£275†)

*Under 18/students/retired/disabled/unwaged †60 years or over. Please state date of birth

Donation £_____ I enclose £_____

☐ We occasionally exchange names (for use once only) with other organisations which may interest you. Tick if you prefer to be excluded.

To advertise in Special Eyes please call Irene Evans on 071 437 2717

meeting people

SIRiUS

The Intelligent Person's Introduction Agency

*The **Local** service operating **Nationwide** for the intelligent, articulate and well-educated*
*Join the **Largest** agency with personal interviews and **BS 5750***
*24 hr information **Freefone 0800 374451** brochure line*

London	*North West*	*Scotland*	*North East*
(0171) 256 6123	**(01625) 860924**	**(0131) 225 3606**	**(0191) 383 2224**
South West	*West Midlands*	*Yorkshire*	*East Midlands*
(0117) 942 9500	**(0121) 704 0200**	**(01904) 611621**	**(0115) 924 1113**

FREEPOST 305 London EC1B 1SY Office hrs 8:30 am to 10 pm 7 days a week

health

Regent's Park Clinic

AIDS · HIV · VD
Testing • Treatment
HIV RESULTS IN 15 MINUTES

ABORTION
Help & Advice • Pregnancy Testing
Emergency Contraception

IMPOTENCE
Effective Treatment

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

0171-402 2208

184 Gloucester Place, London NW1

Caledonian Connections

Attached, semi-detached, detached – looking for an extension to your life.
PERSONAL INTRODUCTION SERVICE NATIONWIDE – NO COMPUTERS
TELEPHONE JUNE: 01721 730243

A THINKING PERSON'S GUIDE TO GIVING UP SMOKING

The revolutionary, holistic, no stress way to give up – FOR EVER.
Get it now before it is bought out and buried by you know who.
Send only £19.99 inc. p&p (and including a donation to Cancer Research) to receive your copy of this tested and proven guide.

All successful users have been able to think for themselves – ARE YOU?
Send your cheque/P.O. (Plus your name and address!) payable to D.C. Marketing P.O. Box 87 Nottingham NG5 4PZ NOW Before it is to late!

p.s. If you don't need this guide for yourself, get it for someone you love or care about who does need it.

spoof newspapers

FAMOUS FOR FOREVER

Forget Warhol's 'famous for 15 minutes' prophecy – with our help you can make someone permanently famous with a specially preserved spoof tabloid front page. Our team includes an ex-national tabloid journo, so just give us the dirt and a decent photograph and we'll do the rest including writing the copy. The ultimate gift/wind-up/piss-take for that special someone in your life...or recently removed from it!

Call Editorial Services on 0113-269-6341 now and shop your friends

car parts

TO ALL TIGHT FISTED EYE READERS —

CHEAP CAR PARTS!

- VOLKSWAGEN
- AUDI
- BMW
- VOLVO
- MERCEDES-BENZ

GERMAN + SWEDISH

UNIT 2, SPACE WAVE,
NORTH FELTHAM IND. EST.,
FELTHAM, HEATHROW

0181 751 5888

internet

sonnet

THIS IS INTERNET

£12.50 a month buys you **full** Internet. Sonnet Internet gives you:

E-Mail — your own address.
Newsgroups — many thousands.
The World Wide Web.
File Transfer — free software.
London phone access to the world.
Sonnet's easy Starter Disks.
Clear lines — 20:1 user ratio.
Fastest connect speeds — 28.8kb/sec.

Log on with a phonecall
SONNET INTERNET
0181 664 6000

OPENING LINES

HOW DOES IT WORK?

Opening Lines is an independent telephone dating service.

If you like one of the advertisements, simply dial the number advertised - if you are still interested, leave a message with your telephone number. They could call you back within hours!

To take out your own Opening Lines advertisement simply dial 0181 466 4048, 24 hours a day, and dictate the advert.

Calls to the 0660 numbers cost 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times

Paravox Ltd, PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

MUSICAL MALE, 39, unpretentious, slim, loyal and caring, seeks lovable, pretty, vibrant woman, for good conversation, companionship, and passionate nights in or out. Manchester/London/Home Counties. Ring 0660 204091

MAN IN HIS PRIME sought, with brain and smile, enjoying tennis, knight of romance, Greek island holiday, a happily ever after, by woman - divorced the prince, awaits the king. Ring 0660 204183

COMPANY DIRECTOR, young, slim, 48, wants passionate n/s slim lady under 40. Likes the arts, travel and red wine. Ring 0660 204453

LARGE AND BUSTY, mildly eccentric, single black female, 29, needs very tall, honest, charming, kind and laid back man, with slow hands and easy touch. Ring 0660 204185

ATTRACTIVE BLOND MALE, slim, professional, enjoys cinema, music, sport, design and other things in life, seeks slim female, 28-34, for friendship, possibly more. Ring 0660 206022

YOU ARE 27-35, Male, 6ft 2in plus, honourable, trustworthy, loyal, generous, intelligent, professional, financially stable, liberal. Me? American, tall, beautiful, intelligent, person of colour, same attributes. Ring 0660 204387

YOU CAN'T WIN unless you play. Picture yourself taking a risk on an enticing stranger, slightly mad, mixed black, straight American male, 27, standing by. Ring 0660 206028

WARM, ATTRACTIVE and intelligent woman, 45, left of centre, would like to meet intelligent, laid back, leftish man, with a sense of humour. Ring 0660 205631

THIS CHARMING MAN. Tall, fair, handsome, intelligent and quite together. Seeks very attractive female, 22-32, for friendship, fun, honest and passionate relationship. Ring 0660 206035

UNPRETENTIOUS, INTELLIGENT, thoughtful man, 33, wide interests, likes city life and bustle, country walks and peace, hates cigarettes. Seeks female friends, possibly soulmate. Ring 0660 206042

DIVORCED MOTHER, 43, graduate, not slim, American, seeks friendship, possible partnership, share quality time - homework, shopping, cooking, decorating, music, theatre, furniture, boot fairs, SW London. Ring 0660 205867

NICE GUY, 34, tall, good looking and professional, seeks attractive female, 24-36, for a fun romantic relationship. Ring 0660 206043

ANGLO-IRISH LASS, 29, science student, into life, the Universe and everything, countryside, conservation. Would like to meet a tall, slim, academic man, 25-35, gsoh. Ring 0660 205934

DEAD UGLY, PIG IGNORANT, male slob, 32, with b.o. seeks gullible, solvent bimbo, to sponge off, nag at, and ultimately divorce for alimony. North London. Ring 0660 208829

YOUNG 49 YEAR old woman, attractive, graduate, seeks kind, charismatic, interesting man, with excellent sense of humour, for serious relationship. Ring 0660 204240

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL male, 36, fit, 5ft 10in, warm, loving, loyal, loves the performing arts and travel, seeks sensual, tactile, 20-35, female soulmate. Ring 0660 205996

Summer's Coming

For your Ascot, Glyndebourne, Henley and Wimbledon date -Try OPENING LINES!

Opening Lines advertisements cost just **£20** for 20 words - and remember, you have up to **4** minutes to talk about yourself after that - at only 39/49 p per minute - see how many words you can fit into that!

Call 0181 466 4048 now to place your own Opening Lines advertisement

POLITICALLY INCORRECT male, tall, slim, solvent, unattached and 40. Looking for attractive, slim, 30 something female, any colour but green, to share fun and adventures. Ring 0660 204725

SOMETIMES IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN, 37, romantic realist, with energy, passion and usual baggage. Seeks unbearably gorgeous, intellectual man, for physical and mental grappling, or nearest offer. Ring 0660 204209

WIT-SEARCHING, male sculptor/writer, seeks to model model model, 30 plus, a long way west of London. Ring 0660 204782

BEWILDERED GIRL seeks bewildered boy (25-40) with love of cheesy music, rude jokes, fine pens and cinema. Ring 0660 204215

BRILLIANT, FANTASTIC, wonderful - but enough about me, female wanted by male for the things people do, me: 37, looking for younger partner, smoking, drinking, fun. Ring 0660 205935

FEMALE, EXCITING, slim, professional, gorgeous 40, graduate, wltm the most loving, intelligent, tender, protective male in the world for extraordinary friendship and love. Ring 0660 204239

LEATHER TO LYCRA, motorbike to mountain bike. gorgeous guy, (allegedly!) youthful 36, fit, easygoing, professional, can't believe he's doing this, seeks slim, gorgeous female 24-30. Ring 0660 205978

GUARDIAN READING, gregarious, solvent female, 34, with usual time out, seeks similar man, 33-45, for going out, staying in, and everything inbetween. Interested? Ring 0660 204248

IRISH MAN, 37, 5ft 7in, romantic, disorganised, furniture designer/maker, handsome, travelled, solvent.....just, living London/Ireland. Would like to contact attractive intelligent female to share the chaos. Ring 0660 206015

PRETTY, BUBBLY, FUN loving, professional female, 32, seeks humorous, affectionate, charismatic male, 28-38, for conversation, cuddles, fun and romance. Interested? Ring 0660 204250

LIBRARY LINES

If you can't find the advertiser of your desires here - try our Library Lines service.

To hear women - dial **0660 204333**

To hear men - dial **0660 204222**

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

Classified Lineage Advertisements

£1.50 per word

Deadline for Friday 30th June issue —
TUESDAY 20th June

QUOTE

What has been your strangest experience at work?
I was once photographing a urinal on the Isle of Bute when a man walked in with evrything hanging out. When he saw me there with a huge camera, he went down on his knees begging for forgiveness.
Lucinda Lambton in the Daily Express

REMINDER: Lord Gnome pays £100 to the Crossword winner, £10 for published cuttings, and £10 for published entries to Pseuds, Luvvies, OBN, Colemanballs, I-Spy etc. Send entries (marked "Pseuds", "Luvvies" etc) to Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

THE THINKING PERSON'S GUIDE to Giving Up Smoking — see page 31.

EXPORTILLO DHHS Laurence.

SPEECH WRITING by Mitch Murray. See Page 30.

BAGGIO — comedy Edinburgh (venue '98).

GENUINE FAKES, Old Masters faithfully reproduced in oils. COPYCAT ART 0181-868 9919.

CARICATURES. Professional Cartoonist. 0161-226 0318 if unanswered: 0161-226 7805.

CARICATURES from photos. 01327 359213.

SEX! SHOCK! SCANDAL! expose your friends with a DAILY STUN joke front page. Tel: 0161 456 2028.

COME ON LADS... Uncensored servicemen's songs of WW2 by Sod's Opera. CD £10.99; cassette £6.99 (including p&p). Cheques to HONEST JO MUSIC DISTRIBUTION, 47 Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6AD. "Good grief...I'm speechless. With a pig?" — Mary Whitehouse.

ASTONISHING *Accordionist* — 0171 281 8986.

CHAMPAGNES, COGNACS and MALT WHISKEYS. Uniquely labelled with your own message and photo/personal motif. Next day delivery. KEEPSAKES 01745 354971.

BIRTHDATE / ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

MARVIN HANGLIDER — available in cabaret — details 01372 743230.

A TITLE FOR A TENNER? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1DJ.

BALLOONAGRAMS — 01362 697481.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £115 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 0181-840 0108.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London/South East — gift vouchers. 01784 451007.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International Star Registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

TEACHERS — DOCTORS & Nurses — firemen — flying ducks — cops & robbers: SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (Access/Visa) 01273 606240.

CARICATURES, cartoons and new wipe clean "SWIPES". Free speech bubbles. Brochure — (01708) 441406.

LIVE CARICATURISTS! — 0181 520 7262.

PORTRAIT PAINTER — 003115 621864.

CARICATURES? Call Wendy 01548 810462.

CARICATURES from photos. 01327 359213.

BIRTHDAY DUE? Newspaper dated birthdate. From £15. 01492 531303 (9am-9pm)

ABSOLUTELY anything printed onto a T-shirt. 01524-841286 daytimes.

MOON LOVERS! Gifts with a celestial theme. Dept PE3, PO Box 5136, London W4 3WW.

FREE CATALOGUE, Kites, Yo-Yos, Boomerangs, Kite Lights, Puzzles, Magic, Juggling. WAY ON HIGH, Capuchin Yard, Hereford HR1 2LR. 01432 264206.

QUALITY DRINKS by post. Next day delivery nationwide. gift boxed, gift card. Father's Day 18 June. Malt tasting kit £19.95 delivered. A TOAST BY POST, Credit Card Hotline 01232 661122.

RUDE REVENGE KITS (18+ only!). Details plus hilarious practical joke catalogue — SAE: PRANKS UNLIMITED, PO Box 101, Nottingham NG2 7NN.

LIMITED EDITION optical art prints and postcards. For brochure send large S.A.E. to: VISUAL MAYHEM (P.E) P.O. Box 17, Newquay, Cornwall TR8 5YF. (01637) 830487.

SEPARATED MALE seeks accommodation in London while sorting out the paper work. Share or own let, non smoker, good references, good job, good SOH, quite fun to have around really. 01342 832610.

WILDFLOWERS — FREE catalogue. Branas, Llandderfel, Gwynedd, LL23 7RF.

EVERGREEN HYDROPONICS (UK) distributor Europe: ECO family nutrients (dry/liquid) plus lights/kits/accessories for your every need! Tel: 01273 623136.

STD CODE decoder, authorised "Phoneday" edition. Booklet £3.50, 2 copies £5.50, PC version DOS & Windows on same disk (state size) £15.50 inc P&P. OAKLEY PUBLISHING, PEPC, PO Box 115, Norwich NR14 7HT. Credit cards 01508-538546.

HYDROPONICS & GROWLIGHTS. 'Grow any plant, anywhere, anytime'. FREE brochure. GROWELL HYDROPONICS (Solihull) 01675 443950.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first, DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 01622 871353.

APOLOGY! Our prices bring tears to the eyes of our competitors. Although genuinely sorry, we can't help offering our customers the best hi-fi prices in the country, if not the world! RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) for your FREE 36-page catalogue/ price list.

DISGUISED TRANSMITTERS — professional crystal-controlled voice-activated transmitters disguised as: Pen — calculator — wallet — plug adaptor — radio — answering machine — clock — ashtray — diary — mobile phone — etc...CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS LTD 0181 968 0227.

FENG SHUI practitioner, excellent results. 0171-834 0081.

VERSATILE, experienced copywriter. 0181-675 4684.

EXPERIENCED pre-Grandad, 54, kids educated and employed, would provide acceptable help (including some extra finance) to another family with similar interests — affection and some companionship in return. Essex/Cambridge area. Box 0274.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 01482 658701.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See page 30.

SUPEREFFECTIVE CVS/ applications compiled/refreshed. 01985 214670.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS Secretarial, Confidential — exceptional — inexpensive! POSTHASTE, Croydon: 0181 688 8144.

ANYTHING AMERICAN — your US contact for publications, CDs, business contacts and market research — ASHTON, PO Box 40, Harpenden, Herts AL5 4PZ.

SECRETS REVEALED — legally obtain a second passport. Avoid taxes, lawsuits and travel freely, bank in total secrecy. Tax havens explained — become a successful legal tax exile! Free brochure and newsletter: SCOPE (Box 5372), Forestside House, Rowlands Castle, PO9 6EE. Tel: 01705 631751. Fax: 01705 631322.

BANK INTEREST CHARGES checked — 01749 670771.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service. Regent Street 0171 580 4242.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

PERSONAL PHONE NUMBERS *for life.* Call diversion nationwide. Low rental. No call charges. 0956 700835.

MATRIMONIAL/FAMILY. For practical and helpful advice from a specialist family lawyer telephone David Golten at HYDE MAHON BRIDGES on 0171-405 9455 in complete confidence.

ACCOMMODATION address NW1, 24-hour access, strictly confidential, letters held/forwarded. 0171-383 2325.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY in 2-6 weeks — GUARANTEED! Free details 01225-444476.

TURN YOUR PC into an on-line betting shop! Sensational Windows program costs £24.99. Includes £5 free bets. Freefone 0800 581 066.

ENIGMA INVESTIGATION — discreet personal and commercial enquiries. 0171-207 4000.

CHEZ INVESTIGATES — private clients only — 0181 694 0995.

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS bought for cash. 0181-340 9668.

EYE HEAR

JIGS & REELS! Irish band available — 0171-263 3602.

"TIBETAN MONK who plays saxophone through left nostril seeks work." For live music, whether dance, jazz, classical, call MUSICIANS INCORPORATED: Tel. 0171-823 8648.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1400 hits 1950-1994. Prices from £98 also sales. 0181-318 2852.

JAZZ TRIO available for private/corporate functions. 0181-501 0779.

HARPIST — elegant young siren will provide background music for that special dinner/reception. Concert or Celtic harp. Phone: 0181 723 1751.

EYE LEARN

"GETTING TO KNOW WELSH PLACE NAMES". Cassette and information pack, send £8. STIWDIOR HELYG, 92a Willow Street, Oswestry, Shropshire SY11 1AL.

CARTOONING MADE EASY. Complete cartoon drawing courses now on video. Details — CARTOON SCHOOL, 33 Saint Catherine's Road, Harrogate, HG2 8JZ. Phone/fax 01423 887880.

PIANO — 0171-729 3613.

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. 01492 531517.

INTENSIVE COURSES of Spanish: all year. Group or one-to-one. Accommodation in flat or family. ACADEMIA IRIA FLAVIA, Preguntoiro 9, 15704 Santiago de Compostela, Spain. Tel/fax: 0034-81-572 032.

LEARN TO DRIVE — five day course with test. 01202 666001.

EYE READ

THE SENSITIVE FUTURE — the optimist's complement to PRIVATE EYE. Anatomy of stupidity shows cross-gender feminine ascendancy healing patriarchal plague; Naked Ape evolution in our therapeutic era. NEW monthly illustrated. Editor Paul Ritter 1959-1995 Awards: "decades ahead" New York, "precious journal" Brussels, "new paradigms" Zurich, "sparks future" London. £2 inclusive airmail. Box 346, Kalamunda 6076, W.Australia.

AUTISTIC David Miedzianik's 176 leaf poetry book, £6.50 including P&P from THE EARLY YEARS DIAGNOSTIC CENTRE, 272 Longdale Lane, Ravenshead, Nottinghamshire NG15 9AH.

CITY TRADER REPORT. The extraordinary NEW guide to becoming a forex/futures trader. Cheque/PO £9.95 to: MEI, X8, 127 Botley Road, Oxford OX2 0HD. Allow 7 days. Full money back guarantee.

AUTHORS WANTED. Telephone 01580 764174.

ARABS & ISRAELIS together hold a siege against British forces from a Leicester Square kebab shop. Their demand: British citizenship. Fair enough: they came here to escape war. But what if they start to wonder, is their siege real? Are they, in fact, stereotypes in a computer simulation of conflict? Read MEMORIES OF THE IRISH ISRAELI WAR, Phil O'Brien's satire of the new peace era. NEW FUTURIST BOOKS, £7.99, available WH Smith, Tower Records and leading London stockists.

EYE WANT

43 YEAR-OLD is planning a one month sabbatical. Any useful suggestions/experiences appreciated. Box 0174.

AIRMILES — 01273 689578.

CASH ££££++++ for your exclusive news/expose story. JOHN SUTTON as featured in HACKWATCH SPECIAL issue 868 offers best rates. Tel: 01772 457081.

AUTHORS WANTED — telephone 01580 764174.

EYE MOVES

IRISH REMOVALS — owner driver UK - Ireland weekly. 01232-838111 anytime.

REMOVALS and rubbish clearance 0171-602 3036.

SPEEDY MOVES — 0181 568 6957/0181 569 9452.

STUFF MOVING — London area, 0181-299 1398.

EYE BUY

116 EYES — 1970-91, offers 0181 993 3899.

EYES 1982-NOW. Offers 01206 573442.

5-345 (some missing) bound. 0171-924 2071.

PRIVATE EYES, consecutive from 1979 for sale. Phone 0181-943 2502.

EYE GO OUT

WIZARD LOSES WAND and misses Solstice — try the ALTERNATIVE DRUIDS EMPORIUM at the Antiquities Dealers Fair, Ancient Greek to mediaeval, fully vetted, £30-£3,000. Sunday July 2nd 10-4.30. Britannia Hotel, Grosvenor Square, W1. 0181-979 1585.

EYE TECH

INTERNET — log on 0181 664 6000. See Page 31.

SENSATIONAL! Advertise on SENSE, the magazine of the Internet. Contact: http/www.virtual.co.uk/sense/

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

TO GET ON THE WEB
contact us now.
We AUTHOR your WWW content as a part of a turnkey service from receipt of your existing material to delivery of final pages.
We SERVE your pages to the Internet via our high-speed connection.
We PUBLICISE your Web site to ensure high traffic.
INTERVID
Tel: 0171-497 8179.
Fax: 0171-497 8184.
E-mail: info@intervid.co.uk
URL: www.intervid.co.uk/intervid/

EYE WORK

GRADUATE (MALE 30) Russian/French. PG interpreting/translation diploma (currently freelance interpreter). Special subjects include politics. Seeks interesting work, permanent/freelance. Based London, will travel. Box 4074.

EYE FINANCE

NON-STATUS finance magazine, £15/p.a. — B. Grove, 43 Brook Street, S'Bridge, DY8 3XB.

TOTALLY SECRET BANKING! (no refs) World Class. £12K/$19K min. Fax: 01481 832515 Ref 23/A12.

CAPITAL MARKETS DBMS+ for dealers, Sun/Solaris. 0171 388 8189 24hrs.

CCJS & DEFAULTS legally removed permanently even if not satisfied. Plus Full Credit Secrets Handbook. ACS 0181-688 9550.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES. We pay more than surrender values. Neville James Ltd, FIMBRA member. Tel. 01730 233000.

SLASH THE COST of your mortgage and look forward to a brighter future. Insider secrets revealed. FREE exciting details from: STEWART HODGSON PUBLISHING, 12 Sandringham Close, Baswich, Stafford ST17 0AB.

EYE WEAR

T-SHIRTS screenprinted. 01736-66248.

EYE CARE

ADDICTION ADVISORY AGENCY — addiction a problem? Alcohol, drugs, eating, gambling and shopping. Telephone 0171-587 1612.

CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 0171 935 0023.

COUPLE COUNSELLING and individual therapy, North West London. Jacqueline Selby 0181-450 4958.

EYE NEED

ESTABLISHED CHARITY working for small theatres desperately needs £5000 to ensure survival. Please help! Box 0671.

£10-20K, 3-5 years. Support son through university. Fully repaid. 0181-521 2233.

DESPERATE divorced student, two children, needs cash to avoid eviction and pay off escalating debts. Details and proof of problems available. Donations and offers of work welcome. Anything considered. Box 0374.

INVEST — and assist ambitious student in equestrian project. Eternally grateful! Call Libby 01423 331442.

HELP! Young couple must get to New Zealand by Xmas. Air miles much appreciated. Box 0474.

MEDICAL STUDENT seeks sponsorship or donations to complete course. Box 0574.

VETERINARY STUDENT graduate seeks assistance to help pay for tuition fees to complete clinical studies. Box 0674.

EXILE AFRICAN REFORMER desperately needs £2,500 to complete book publication. Call 0181-671 4034 please.

£2,500 NEEDED URGENTLY for career development course to finance food, family and will to write. Thanks. Box 0774.

YOUNG JAZZ GROUP featuring award-winning musicians desperately require £5000 sponsorship to secure overseas tour. Box 0874.

YOUNG ENTREPENEUR needs £3,500 to start business. Please donate £10 if you can. Most sincere thanks. Box 0974.

SELF-FINANCING Open University student needs financial help to continue degree as recently dismissed due to illness. All contributions gratefully received and acknowledged. Box 1074.

FEATURE FILM in style of "Twilight Zone" with over 60 actors, 30 locations, seeks £300,000 equity. Phone 01279 655652.

£2,500 TO SAVE true love. Genuine appeal. Box 1174.

£5.00 NEEDED — can you help? Box 4174.

MOFFAT, SCOTLAND — comfortable groundfloor flat. Beautiful secluded grounds. B/B also. 01683 20440.

CORNISH COTTAGE set amongst fields up disused farm track, lovely garden, orchard. Rock 15 mins. Bus, town nearby. 1 yr. £80 pw. 01208 851365 after 8 p.m.

ABERFOIL — luxury lodge sauna, sleeps 6, 2 weeks July. 0141 6327250.

IDYLLIC STONE country cottage in North Northumberland — wood burner etc. — good rates. Telephone 01665 579348.

NORTHUMBERLAND holiday cottages 0169 772457.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 01424 838404.

GLASTONBURY, Somerset, listed town-centre cottage for holiday lets. Double bedroom, single bedroom, overlooking abbey, short walk High Street, Tor. Brochure: 01234 211606 (often answerphone).

FLIGHT OPTIONS — Tel: 01432 851 062. Fax: 01432 850722 — HENRY ROGERS ATOL3793.

CONSULT THE ORACLE! Affordable travel expertly predicted! Phone/fax: 01904 608941.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599/680268. Fax: 01942 670868.

MALVERN HILLS. Beautiful rural hideaway, pool/sauna/floatation/massage/reflexology. From £150 2 days all incl. 01684 573868.

EXPLORE AFRICA — 3 days to 29 weeks covering 26 countries from £15 per day. Contact ACACIA EXPEDITIONS, 0181-960 5747 for a FREE colour brochure. AITO/ATOL bonded.

A FEAST OF THAILAND. Have a superb gastronomic holiday...and return home an accomplished Thai cook. SYMBIOSIS EXPEDITION PLANNING. Tel: 0171-924 5906. Fax: 0171-924 5907.

CUSTOM-MADE — Adventure and special interest holidays in South-East Asia. Tribes to Temples, Windsurfing to Wildlife. SYMBIOSIS EXPEDITION PLANNING. Tel: 0171-924 5906. Fax: 0171-924 5907.

AFRICA OVERLAND: Intrepid individuals wanted for 17-week expedition crossing Africa. Call RON on 01740 621596 or 01740 623700 for details.

WEST AFRICA SPECIALISTS — 2-26 week safaris. Discover another world with TERANGA EXPEDITIONS. For brochure tel. 0121 4478222.

FLY YOURSELF! Get your British Pilot's Licence. Three weeks fully inclusive in Florida £1995. Details 0800 892133 2pm-11pm.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. Our 100-page brochure will open your eyes to the adventure of a lifetime. Madagascar, Tibet, Ethiopia, Vietnam, Sulawesi, Yemen...Plus 160 tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, Americas. Small groups. 1-5 weeks. Tel. 01252 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL bonded.

EXPLORER EXPEDITIONS — Africa from 5-27 weeks — telephone 01633 257561/243592 for brochures.

OVERLAND ADVENTURES in Africa, Asia and Americas. Nairobi to Harare 5 to 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi/Harare 20/26 weeks. UK to Kathmandu 9 to 15 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 5 weeks. India 3 to 10 weeks. The Americas 3 to 26 weeks. For brochure: DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 01728 861133. AITO bonded.

TRUCK AFRICA — intrepid camping expeditions. 4-27 weeks 0171-731 6142 (24 hrs).

AMSTERDAM SMOKERS weekend. £38 — phone 01282-450275 anytime.

COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB. Five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. Prices from £220. Accommodation lists supplied. Telephone 01285 760415 for brochure.

PARADISE ON EARTH! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials 15 nights from £599. For brochure, Tel 01481 823417.

INDIAN HIMALAYAS 1995? Wonderful treks, jeep safaris (as seen on TV), wildflower tours, motorbike safaris, mountain biking: throughout Manali, Zanskar, Ladakh, Sikkim. HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS, 10 Station Parade, Eastbourne. Tel: 01323 646604.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE Safaris. 1-3 weeks, Tanzania, Uganda. Kenya etc. From £475. Flight only from £375. Book four, one goes free. TRACKS 0171 937 3028 (ABTA 5341).

ABSOLUTE AFRICA — Camping safaris in Africa 4-27 weeks 0181 742 0226.

SECLUDED ANGUS GLEN — 17th century coaching inn — great food, real ales, log fires — GLENISLA HOTEL, 01575 582223.

GREECE, CYCLADES. Our selection of idyllic islands includes Mykonos, Paros and Antiparos, Naxos, Santorini, Sifnos & Milos. SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS 0171-373 1933 ATOL2578.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 19 weeks camping adventures. For the best value gamewatching and sightseeing, telephone PHOENIX OVERLAND 01509 881818.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris, 4-27 weeks. 0181-742 7724.

BRIGHTON: B&B in comfortable house by sea. Doubles from £15.00 p.p.p.n. Tel 01273 301269.

IMMIGRATE TO THE USA— cheap and easy way. Free info: SCOPE (Box 2095), Forestside House, Rowlands Castle, Hants, PO9 6EE. Tel: 01705 631751. Fax: 01705 631322.

VIETNAM — discover the undiscovered with Asia's ultimate and most progressive adventure travel company. Autumn departures for keen explorers only. Fax or e-mail for more details: 00 66 76 212 172. sea.canoe@phuket.com.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA: Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — Tours: 0181 747 8315. Flights: 0181 747 3108.

BACHELORS ABROAD. The original holiday programme for single men and women. Call 01892 668833 for details.

LEFTWING SINGLES, all ages/areas. SOCIALIST PARTNERS (ref PE), PO Box 276, London SW16 5XL.

1000 PRETTY GIRLS worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. Free colour photo brochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — 0181-348 5229.

PRETTY AMERICAN writer, lovely Dutch girl, gorgeous Russian psychiatrist, plus 100s similar (featured on 4hr video) seek happiness. AMOUR INTERNATIONAL 0181 559 0120.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST. The professional Thai Marriage Bureau. 1 Barn Cottages, Curtis Gardens, Dorking, Surrey. RH4 1EG.

BEST SELECTION of pretty girls/beautiful ladies seeking UK partners. Worldwide coverage including Eastern Europe, Philippines; super photographs. No agency fees. FOCUS (Dept. PE) PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

REFLECTIONS — Penfriends for the people and friends you don't yet know. SAE R.P.E., 68 Field Lane, Frimley, Surrey GU16 5JZ.

NATURAL FRIENDS, the non-smoking alternative to conventional introduction agencies. NATURAL FRIENDS (PE), 15 Benyon Gardens, Culford, Suffolk, IP28 6EA. Tel/fax: 01284 728315.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN marriage introductions arranged. SUMAN MARRIAGE BUREAU. Telephone 0181-574 4867.

FEMALE-TO-MALE transexual, isolated, alone, seeking others of same type for information, support. Box 1274.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant," Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 0171 839 8884 (day) or 0181 297 1424 (any time).

PERSON TO PERSON: best singles magazine in universe. Free details PLUS bargain offer! (Dept PE/8), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE dels: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS — details from J. Crosbie, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110860/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

ASTROLOGY CLUB — come and find out who you should conjunct with — 0181-840 6048.

HEDONISM PARTIES. Funloving extrovert risque party animals, alternative scene. 0181-575 2052.

FILIPINO ORIENTAL Anglo Social Club. UK introductions, dance 29.7.95, events diary. MARTIN 0181-952 9128/01956 345616.

SIREN SOUGHT for solace, sex, solitude, swimming in sun-soaked sanctuary. Six month stint. Box 1374.

VIVACIOUS, kind, young Russian woman awaits your letter! Box 1474.

NIPPY SWEETY 29 seeks smart, funny, kind man for lust, tequila and dancing in the kitchen. Box 1574.

TALL BRIGHT MAN with wit and style sought by slim woman 33, smart and sassy, into champagne, baths and candles. Box 1674.

ATTRACTIVE continental lady, early 50s, loosely attached, seeks n/s active professional gentleman to rediscover love and companionship. 5'10" plus, 53-63. Kent/S.London area. Box 2772.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply like this:

Box No .....
PRIVATE EYE SMALL ADS
6 CARLISLE STREET
LONDON W1V 5RG

GORGEOUS, intelligent, attached man, 29, seeks woman for top secret romance. London. Photo please. Box 5173.

MATURE SCORPIO lady invites proposition from younger Taurus male. Box 2274.

COMPANY DIRECTOR seeks lovely good-natured lady for friendship. You are in your mid-thirties, stylish and like the good things of life. Pref. location London or South-East. I am looking for someone very special to become good friends and in time maybe more. I have had considerable success in my career, am slim, medium height with GSOH. This is a sincere advert so only answer if likewise. Photo ensures reply. Box 2374.

FASCINATING, flirtatious, fit, funny, formidably clever woman, 34, seeks urbane, well-travelled, warm, witty man, 35-45. London and SW. Photo appreciated. Box 2474.

TALL, SENSUAL, cultured merchant banker 36, seeks beautiful, gifted, free-spirited woman for allocentric relationship. London. Photograph essential. Box 2574.

GORGEOUS GIRL, 30, single, sensual, seeks hunky rugger type, intelligent with gsoh, for love and laughter. West Midlands. Box 4173.

LADIES? Fed up with Chippendales? Genuine sincere single male, 38 years, 5'9" tall, easygoing, gentle, understanding, enjoys meals out, holidays abroad — looking for a sexy, discreet red hot affair. Married lady welcome, any age. Discretion assured. Photo appreciated. Will travel. West Midlands/anywhere. Box 4273.

DISILLUSIONED, depressed male 34, single, solvent, handsome, capable, seeks n/s feminine protective woman wanting a house husband. Manchester. Box 2674.

ATTRACTIVE, SHY Scot, exiled to Wales, bored with usual scene, strong views on issues affecting everybody, quirky sense of humour seeks antidote. Box 2774.

YES! It could be perfect. Highly imaginative London professional. Unconventional, fun, eligible. Old enough to be your father but willing to tame, seeks French-speaking companion/mistress. Nobody need know! Photo/humour essential. Aries. Box 2874.

FUNLOVING, intelligent, attractive lady seeks sensitive male companion to share a love of opera, good food and wine, and while away the long Worcestershire evenings. Box 2074.

EXPATRIATE, resident Hong Kong, 39, successful in business but not love, seeks girl, early to mid 30s. I have no previous complications etc and travel to UK frequently. Please reply. Box 2174.

GOOD-LOOKING pint drinking female 26, seeks good bloke with hairy chest and interesting bookshelf. Box 3474.

YOUNG WOMAN 23, pretty, seeks attractive young man. London. Box 3674.

MOTHER BORED? Male terminal, 45, intel inside, fit, ample RAM, sober n/s, solvent, recently parted from server, seeks connection to intelligent, lonely, shapely PC or other female professional with permanent networking in mind. Don't mind if there are laptops around. Interests walking, cycling, countryside, garden, food, music, satin sheets. Photo reciprocated. Box 3774.

BUSINESS MAN 37, 5'6" (N/S) married, seeks lingerie-loving Notts female (25-50) for pub lunches, champagne picnics and discreet daytime romps. Box 3874.

ARE YOU MALE, 45+, looking for a tall, attractive, intelligent, humorous, loving socialist woman who enjoys the arts and the great outdoors? If so, you've found her! Bristol area. Box 3974.

HATE HOLIDAYING ALONE? Fun, 49ish, gutsy gal seeks easy-going, unattached chap for travels etc. Proposed itineraries please. Box 4274.

FEMALE PAINTER seeks supportive male lover, pref. forties, tall, intelligent, soh, integrity and generous nature. Box 4474.

LOOKING FOR A little adventure to take you out of that rut? I'm 39, male, married, professional, living in Herts, and looking for a discreet fun liaison. Box 4574.

MAGICIAN AND MYSTIC MALE, intelligent, attractive, romantic, sensuous, intuitive, humorous, cultured, 30s, 5'8", seeks witch-maiden (probably 20s) for exalted passion, deep intimacy, heroic love. ALAWP. Esoteric interests essential. Box 4371.

2 GOLDEN RETRIEVERS seek professional male to pamper their tap dancing, mountain biking, slim blonde owner. She's 43, divorced, lively, intelligent and seeks a tall n/s gentleman. Cheshire area. Please reply with phone number. Box 7474.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE graduate, 35, tall, slim, solvent, creative, enthusiastic, achiever, successful, gentle, silly, into personal development and interpersonal advancement seeks like-minded, intelligent, happy male, blue/green eyes, tall, 35-41. Box 4874.

VOLUPTUOUS, vivacious brunette, 5'10", 30, smoker, usually strong, occasionally weak, offers intellect, humour and warmth — seeks sensual, sane, masculine man of integrity for mutual appreciation. Photo/phone. Surrey/wherever. Box 4974.

CITY GUY (35) seeks warm, friendly lady to share wild nights out and quiet nights in. Taste for champagne and love of travel essential. Box 5074.

ATTRACTIVE, WITTY arts graduate, 30+, seeks interesting, humorous man. Enjoys cinema, theatre, restaurants. Photo please! South. Box 5174.

TALL, SLIM, arguably handsome Londoner, 39, offers a ready wit, lively tongue and caring touch to a gorgeous, slender, intelligent and aware girl. Box 3274.

WOMAN OF INTEGRITY (45) leftish, atheist, graduate, wicked SOH. Likes talks, walks, sex, dancing, cycling, films. Seeks emotionally articulate male 30s/40s, similar persuasions, as lover/friend. London/SE. Box 3374.

MALE 28, slim trainee lawyer, seeks attractive older woman. Photo please. London/Berks. Box 4674.

PROFESSIONAL, thinking woman (40) seeks similar tall New-Man. Yorks/NW. Photo appreciated. Box 2974.

GRADUATE MALE JOKER, okay looks, seeks unattached female, 20-40, for relationship/sex. Middlesex/London. Photo? Go on — dare. Box 3074.

EARTH-MOVING voiced male tulip, great genealogy, wants C/DD-cup leafed flower near Kew (!) planted pre-1950 for conversing, cherishing, challenging, compassionate cuddles and wonderful wantonness in two-garden relationship. Photo please. Box 3174.

EMERGENCY APPEAL — for rugby types to rescue raunchy sex goddess (30) going to waste in Leicester. Box 1774.

DESIRABLE, discerning S.West lady, 47, would love to start over. Box 1874.

MATURE MAN — successful and ambitious, enjoying the '90s. Good looking, fit, slim, n/s, decent and considerate. Would love to meet a long-term lady to get the most out of living. Sensibly 40ish with wit, style and striking good looks. Photo please. Box 1974.

EYE SOLDIER

MISSING IN ACTION — army officers on operations. Waiting to be taken prisoner on their return from the front by fun-loving hedonistic girls. Box 3574.

JUST AN ARMY sergeant looking for a country girl. Sick of the smoke you see. Box 4374.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS – CLASSIFIED LINEAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

£1.50 PER WORD
£3.20 PER WORD CENTRED

YOU CAN
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD:
0171 439 1151

YOU CAN
USE THE FORM TO MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD:
0171 437 0705

WE OFFER
A BOX NUMBER FORWARDING SERVICE TO NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS FOR AN ADDITIONAL £8

WE OFFER
GENEROUS SERIES DISOUNTS
10% FOR 6 ADS / 15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS

THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT

QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION
0171 439 1141

❑ BOX NUMBER REQUIRED — CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO: _____

_____

_____

_____

Send your advertisement to arrive at least 10 days before publication date with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH number. Do not send cash.

CARD NUMBER:

EXPIRY DATE: ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH):

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE:

_____

Better odds than 14,000,000 to 1

Free Love

Test to find your perfect partner

Does not need to be a lottery

It could be you!

Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname:_____

First Name:_____

Address: _____

_____

_____ Post Code:_____

Tel No._____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Religion: _____

Age: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Do you have children of your own?

Yes ❒ No ❒

If yes, how many live with you?_____

3. Your personal details

Height:_____

Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒

Hair colour:_____

Dress/Looks: casual ❒ fashionable ❒

elegant ❒ sporty ❒

PLEASE ENCLOSE 3 FIRST CLASS STAMPS

4. Your work

Present job:_____

Self-employed ❒ employed ❒

civil servant ❒ manual worker ❒

part-time ❒ not working ❒

unemployed ❒ in-training ❒

Schooling

O levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒

Further Education ❒ Polytechnic ❒

University ❒ Business School ❒

Other:_____

5. Your Personality

❒ Warmhearted ❒ Fashionable

❒ Serious ❒ Practical

❒ Considerate ❒ Conventional

❒ Shy ❒ Reliable

❒ Romantic ❒ Adventurous

Here's Your Chance!

Simply complete this questionnaire and send it to us today! Or call us on:

071 938 1011

6. How would people who know you best describe you?

❒ always ready for a joke

❒ somewhat dreamy

❒ never has problems

❒ takes life a bit too seriously

❒ not easily upset

❒ always active

❒ chatty

7. Your interests

❒ Wining/Dining	❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs	❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit	❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History	❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading	❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling	❒ Drinking
❒ Science/Tech	❒ Children
❒ Cinema	❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals	❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music	❒ Countryside

8. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:___ Maximum age:_____

Height: min._____max.____Don't mind ❒

Children?

Yes, at home ❒ Yes, living elsewhere ❒

None ❒

Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Don't mind ❒

Dept. *PE42*

Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL *or call us now on 071 938 1011*

23>

9 770032 888044

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 0171-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 0171-223 9971